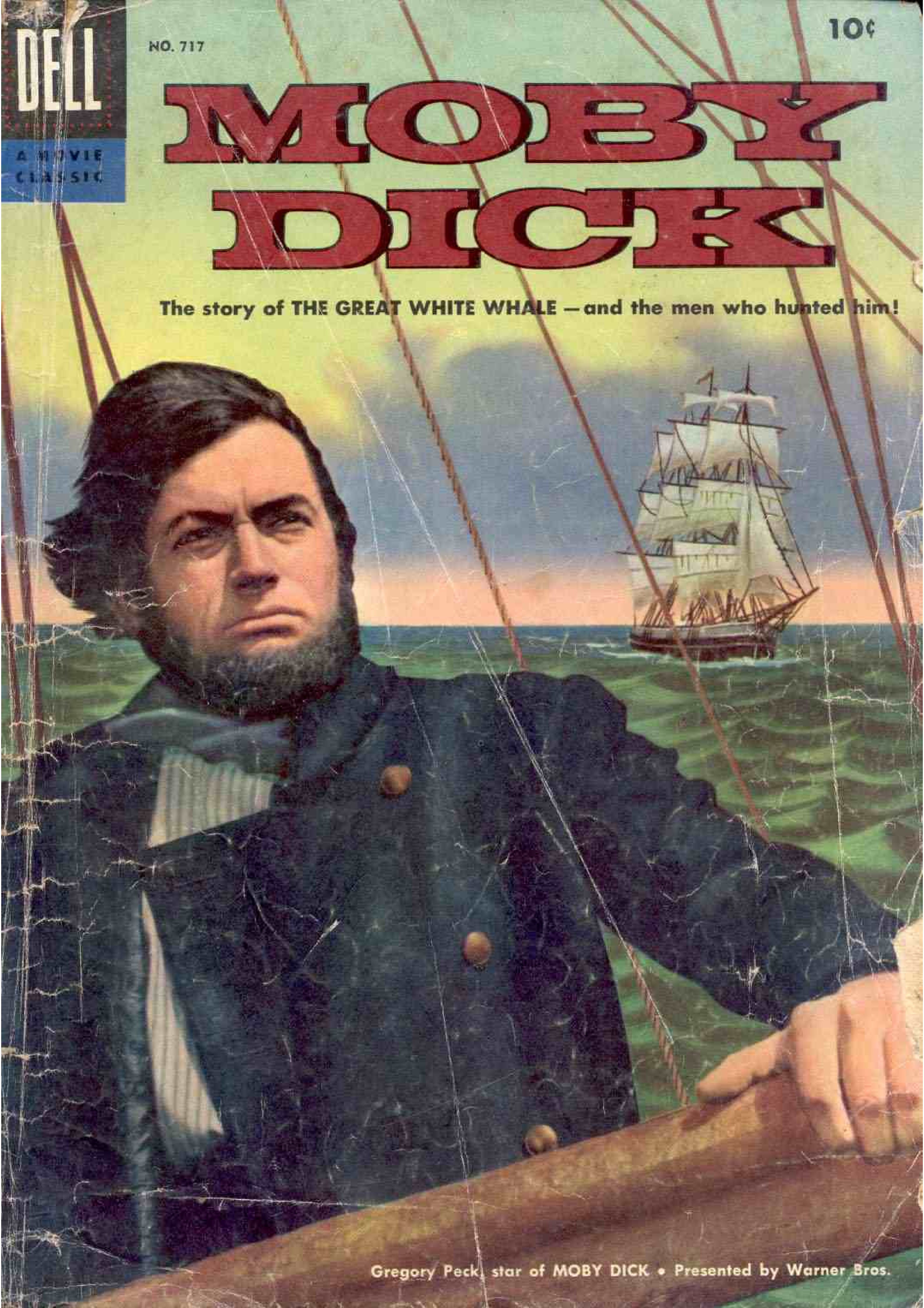

DELL
A MOVIE CLASSIC
NO. 717
10¢
MOBY DICK
The story of THE GREAT WHITE WHALE—and the men who hunted him!
Gregory Peck, star of MOBY DICK • Presented by Warner Bros.

Ishmael leaves his native hills...

to sign on board the whaler, Pequod...

captained by the fanatical Ahab...

who drives his crew with gold and threats...

through wind and wave across trackless ocean...

to find the great white killer, Moby Dick...

and destroy him!

WARNER BROS. Pictures Present

GREGORY PECK

RICHARD BASEHART LEO GENN

in **The John Huston Production**

of Herman Melville's **"MOBY DICK"** with MERVYN JOHNS

JAMES ROBERTSON JUSTICE HARRY ANDREWS BERNARD MILES

and **ORSON WELLES** as "Father Mapple"

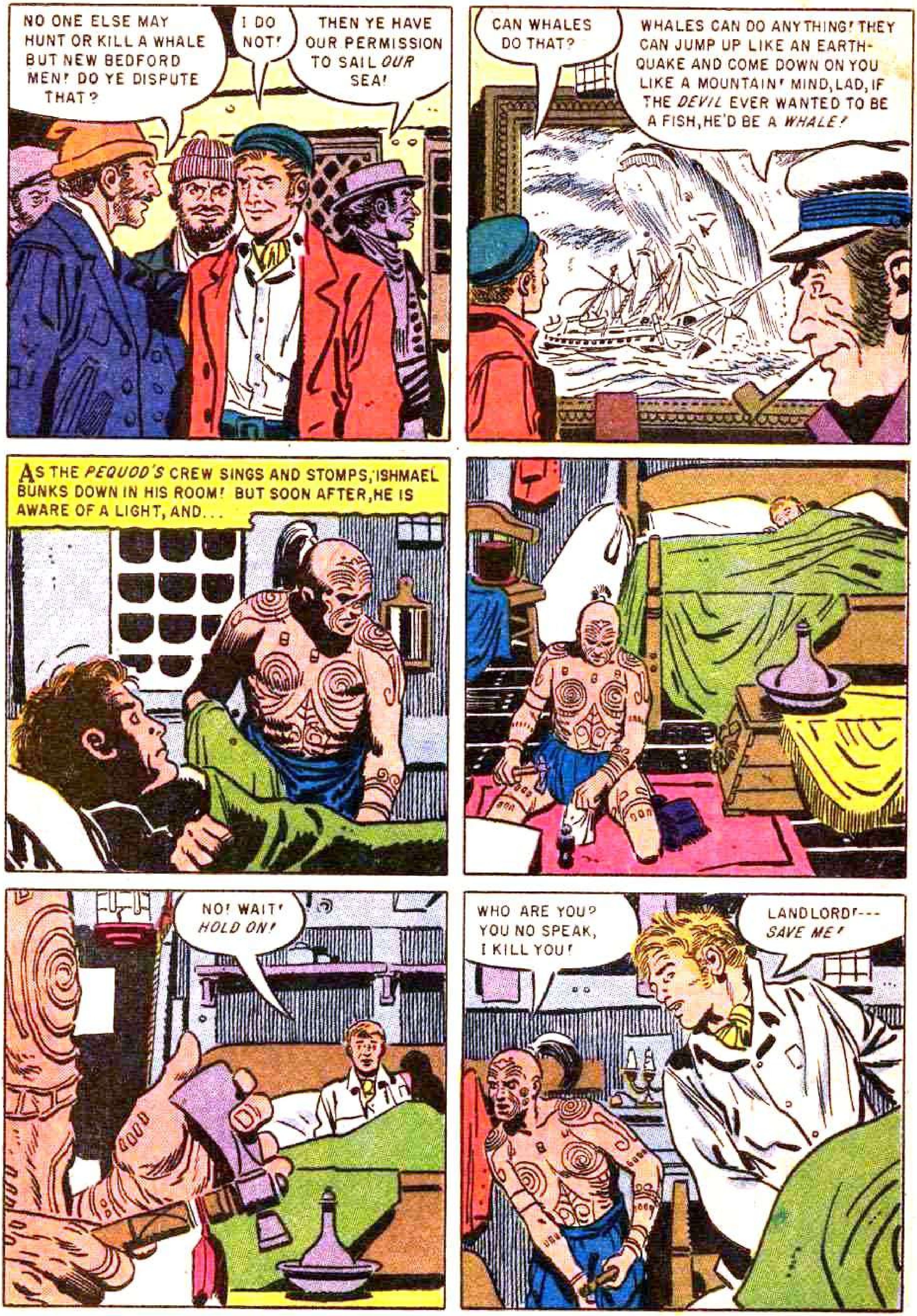
Screen Play by Ray Bradbury and John Huston

Color by TECHNICOLOR A Moulin Picture

Directed by John Huston Presented by Warner Bros.

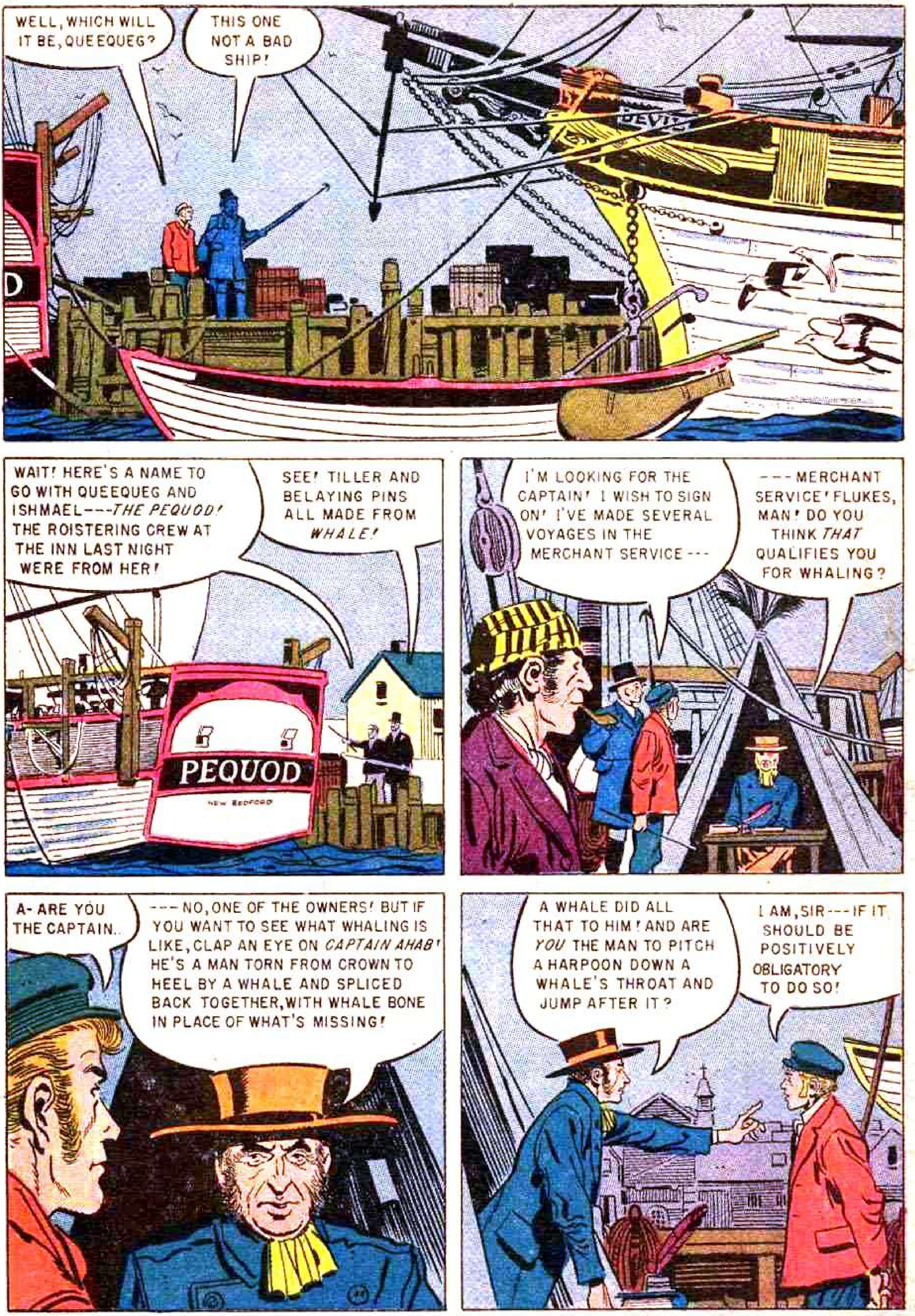
MOBY DICK, No. 717. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 261 Fifth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., President; Helen Meyer, Vice-President; Albert P. Delacorte, Vice-President. Single copies, 10 cents. © 1956, by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Screen play by Ray Bradbury and John Huston. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co.

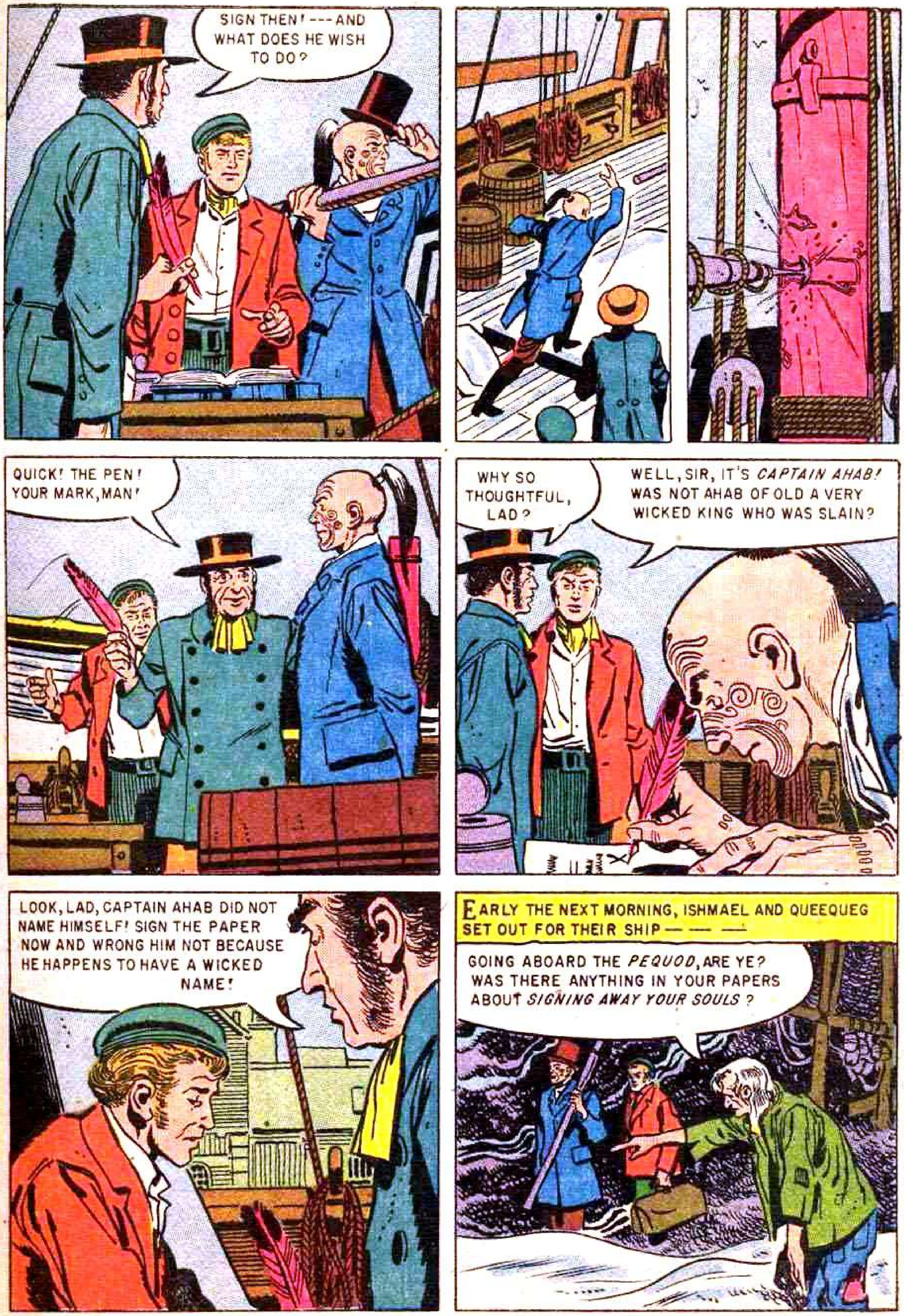
MOBY DICK
SPOUTER INN
PETER COFFIN
"SOME YEARS AGO, HAVING LITTLE MONEY, I THOUGHT I WOULD SAIL ABOUT AND SEE THE OCEANS OF THE WORLD! CHOOSE ANY PATH YOU PLEASE AND TEN TO ONE IT CARRIES YOU DOWN TO WATER! THERE IS A MAGIC IN WATER THAT DRAWS MEN AWAY FROM LAND AND LEADS THEM TO THE SEA--- THE SEA WHERE EACH MAN, AS IN A MIRROR, FINDS HIMSELF! SO ON A SATURDAY, LATE IN 1841, I, ISHMAEL, ARRIVED AT NEW BEDFORD."
I SHOULD FIND A ROOM HERE TO SERVE ME TILL I SIGN ABOARD A WHALER!
FFIN
I'D LIKE A ROOM!
HAVE YE ANY OBJECTIONS TO SHARING ONE WITH A *HARPOONER?*
NO! PERHAPS HE'LL HELP ME FIND A SHIP!
THIS IS THE PLACE TO FIND WHALING MEN! THERE'S THE CREW OF THE *PEQUOD*, TOASTING THEIR *CAPTAIN AHAB*, WHOSE LANCE IS THE KEENEST IN ALL NEW BEDFORD!
M.O.O.S. #717-568
AVAST THERE, LAD! YE'RE NOT FROM NEW BEDFORD?
NO!
THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO GET *PERMISSION TO* GO A-WHALING! THE SEA IS OURS! THE WHALE IS *OUR* ENEMY--- *OURS* ALONE!



NO ONE ELSE MAY HUNT OR KILL A WHALE BUT NEW BEDFORD MEN! DO YE DISPUTE THAT?
I DO NOT!
THEN YE HAVE OUR PERMISSION TO SAIL OUR SEA!
CAN WHALES DO THAT?
WHALES CAN DO ANYTHING! THEY CAN JUMP UP LIKE AN EARTH-QUAKE AND COME DOWN ON YOU LIKE A MOUNTAIN! MIND, LAD, IF THE DEVIL EVER WANTED TO BE A FISH, HE'D BE A WHALE!
AS THE PEQUOD'S CREW SINGS AND STOMPS, ISHMAEL BUNKS DOWN IN HIS ROOM! BUT SOON AFTER, HE IS AWARE OF A LIGHT, AND...
NO! WAIT! HOLD ON!
WHO ARE YOU? YOU NO SPEAK, I KILL YOU!
LANDLORD!--- SAVE ME!

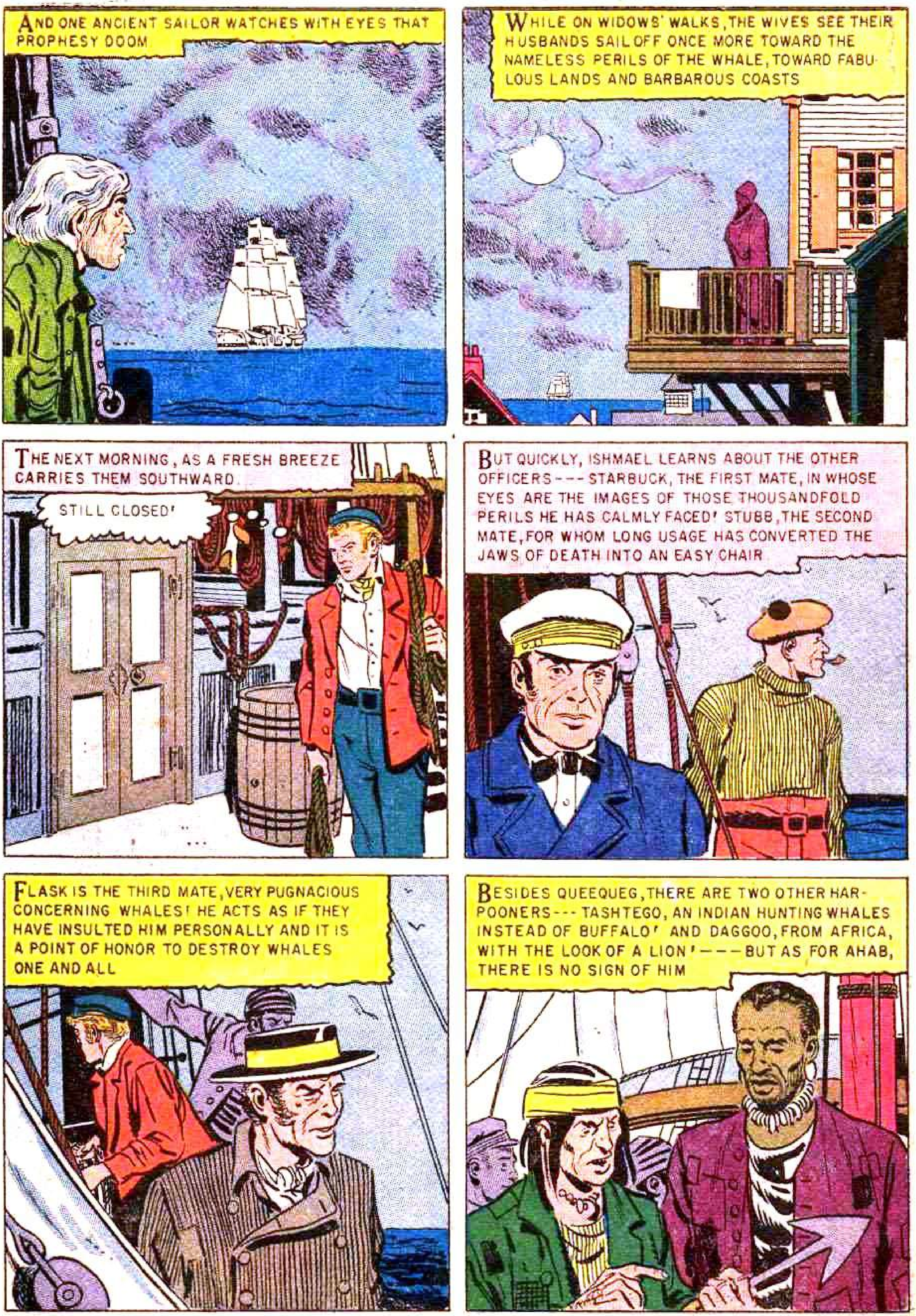
HERE NOW! HERE!
L-LANDLORD, HE WAS GOING TO USE THAT *TOMAHAWK* ON ME!
QUEEQUEG WOULDN'T HARM A HAIR ON YOUR HEAD! TRUE, HE MAY HAVE COME FROM A CANNIBAL ISLAND, BUT NOW HE'S A PERFECT GENTLE-MAN---
---BUT HIS *TOMAHAWK!*
HIS PIPE!--- GOOD NIGHT!
HERE! NOW WE FRIENDS!
THANKS, QUEEQUEG!
NEXT MORNING
QUEEQUEG, WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU FROM?
MY FATHER KING, HIGH CHIEF IN ISLANDS FAR AWAY! WHALING SHIP COME BY ISLAND! I TAKE CANOE! PADDLE TO SHIP! I CLIMB ROPE! I HIDE! SHIP SAIL ME FAR! MANY YEARS! SEE ALL WORLD!
AND I'M JUST LOOKING FOR MY *FIRST* WHALING SHIP TODAY!
I SIGN, TOO! YOUR BOAT MY BOAT! WE SAIL ON SAME WATER! WE KILL SAME WHALE! I DIE FOR YOU---YOU DIE FOR ME! NOW WE FIND SHIP!


WELL, WHICH WILL IT BE, QUEEQUEG?
THIS ONE NOT A BAD SHIP!
WAIT! HERE'S A NAME TO GO WITH QUEEQUEG AND ISHMAEL---THE PEQUOD! THE ROISTERING CREW AT THE INN LAST NIGHT WERE FROM HER!
SEE! TILLER AND BELAYING PINS ALL MADE FROM WHALE!
PEQUOD
NEW BEDFORD
I'M LOOKING FOR THE CAPTAIN! I WISH TO SIGN ON! I'VE MADE SEVERAL VOYAGES IN THE MERCHANT SERVICE---
---MERCHANT SERVICE' FLUKES, MAN! DO YOU THINK THAT QUALIFIES YOU FOR WHALING?
A- ARE YOU THE CAPTAIN..
---NO, ONE OF THE OWNERS! BUT IF YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT WHALING IS LIKE, CLAP AN EYE ON CAPTAIN AHAB! HE'S A MAN TORN FROM CROWN TO HEEL BY A WHALE AND SPLICED BACK TOGETHER, WITH WHALE BONE IN PLACE OF WHAT'S MISSING!
A WHALE DID ALL THAT TO HIM! AND ARE YOU THE MAN TO PITCH A HARPOON DOWN A WHALE'S THROAT AND JUMP AFTER IT?
I AM, SIR---IF IT SHOULD BE POSITIVELY OBLIGATORY TO DO SO!


SIGN THEN! --- AND WHAT DOES HE WISH TO DO?
QUICK! THE PEN! YOUR MARK, MAN!
WHY SO THOUGHTFUL, LAD?
WELL, SIR, IT'S CAPTAIN AHAB! WAS NOT AHAB OF OLD A VERY WICKED KING WHO WAS SLAIN?
LOOK, LAD, CAPTAIN AHAB DID NOT NAME HIMSELF! SIGN THE PAPER NOW AND WRONG HIM NOT BECAUSE HE HAPPENS TO HAVE A WICKED NAME!
EARLY THE NEXT MORNING, ISHMAEL AND QUEEQUEG SET OUT FOR THEIR SHIP --- --- ---
GOING ABOARD THE PEQUOD, ARE YE? WAS THERE ANYTHING IN YOUR PAPERS ABOUT SIGNING AWAY YOUR SOULS?

WHAT ARE YOU JABBERING ABOUT, SHIPMATE?
AHAB! AMONG US ANCIENT SAILORS, HE GOES BY THE NAME OF OLD THUNDER! THEY HAVEN'T DARED TELL YOU OF HIM, HAVE THEY?
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
OFF CAPE HORN WHERE THE LORD'S LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM DOWN AND BURNED ON HIM, HE LAY LIKE DEAD FOR THREE NIGHTS---YET LIVED! AND ON HIS LAST TRIP, A WHALE MARKED HIM INSIDE AS WELL AS OUT---WORKING MISCHIEF ON HIS SOUL!
YOU CAN'T SCARE US---
---LISTEN, LAD! AT SEA ONE DAY YE'LL SMELL LAND WHERE THERE IS NO LAND! AND ON THAT DAY, AHAB WILL GO TO HIS GRAVE, BUT HE WILL RISE AGAIN WITHIN THE HOUR! THEN ALL, ALL, ALL SAVE ONE SHALL FOLLOW!
HOLD ON! YOU THERE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
ELIJAH! MY NAME IS--- ELIJAH!
AVAST! LISTEN!
SOMETHING'S COMING THIS WAY ---TAPPING!
AYE, LAD---YOUR CAPTAIN'S IVORY WHALEBONE LEG!

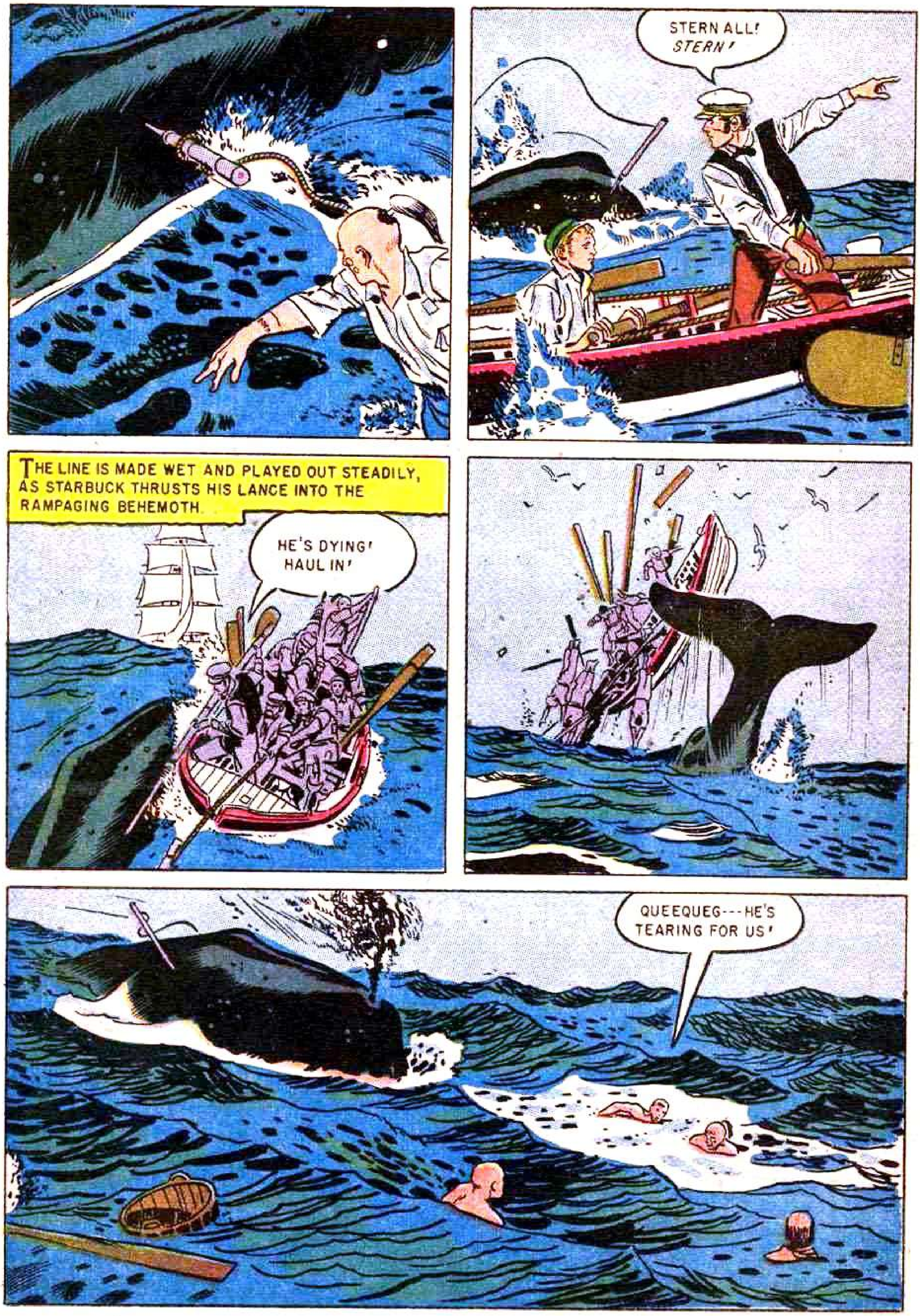
SILENTLY AND THOUGHTFULLY, ISHMAEL AND QUEEQUEG BOARD THE MIST-SHROUDED SHIP, PASSING THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN
QUIET, QUEEQUEG--- QUIET AS A TOMB!
THEN, UNDER THE PROMPTINGS OF STARBUCK, THE FIRST MATE, THE SHIP IS READIED TO SAIL
AVAST NOW! CLIMB, YE MONKEYS!
THE SAILS ARE FILLING, MISTER PELEG!
THEN I'LL GO ASHORE! AND LUCK TO YOU! I'LL HAVE A HOT SUPPER SMOKING FOR YOU WHEN YOU RETURN TO NEW BEDFORD --- FROM THIS DAY, *THREE YEARS!*
CAST OFF!
OD
AND SLOWLY, THE *PEQUOD* MOVES AWAY FROM NEW BEDFORD, AS ISHMAEL GLANCES AT THE EMPTY BRIDGE AND THEN SEES THE CAPTAIN'S DOOR IS STILL STRANGELY CLOSED
PEQUOD

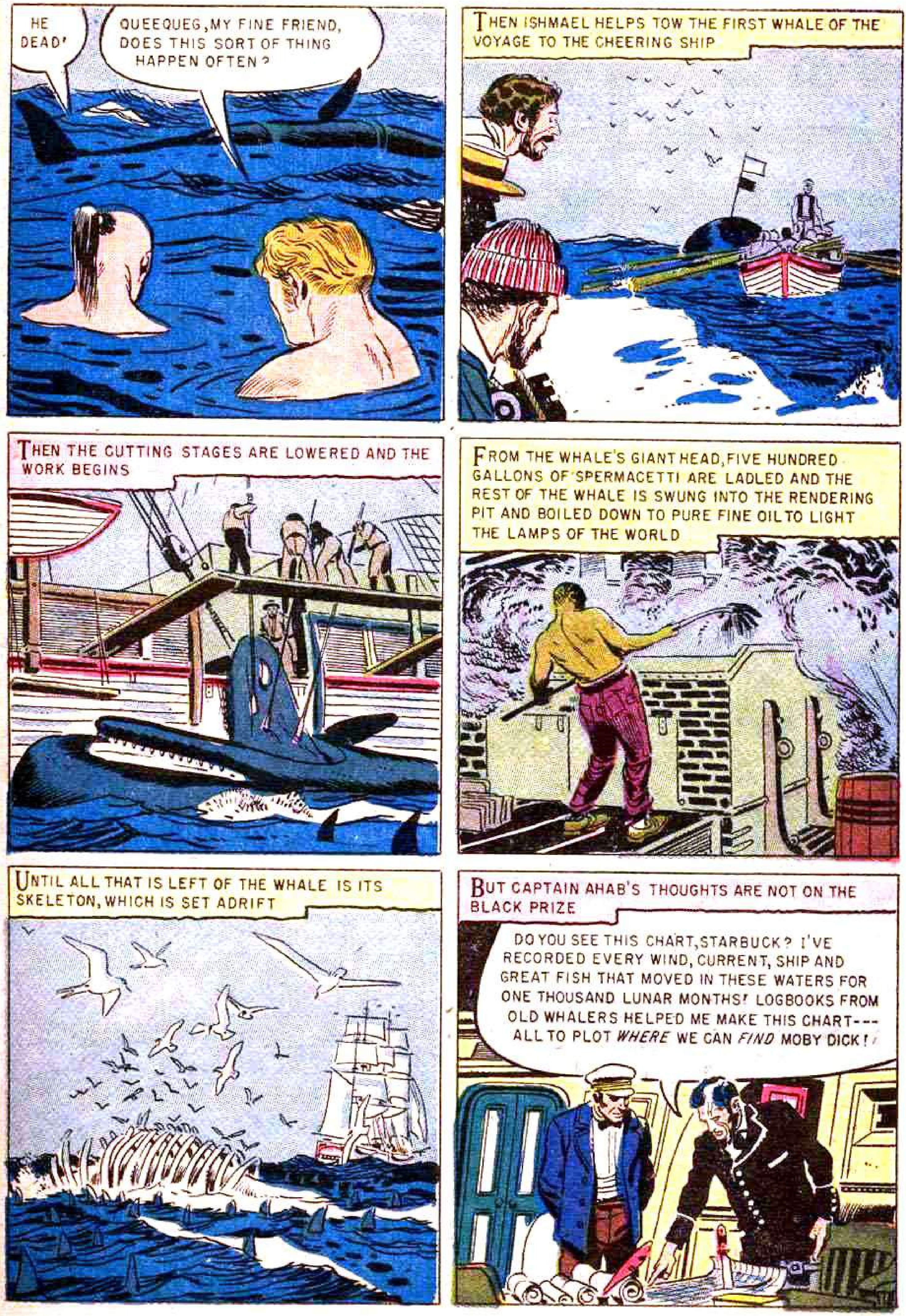

AND ONE ANCIENT SAILOR WATCHES WITH EYES THAT PROPHESY DOOM
WHILE ON WIDOWS' WALKS, THE WIVES SEE THEIR HUSBANDS SAIL OFF ONCE MORE TOWARD THE NAMELESS PERILS OF THE WHALE, TOWARD FABULOUS LANDS AND BARBAROUS COASTS
THE NEXT MORNING, AS A FRESH BREEZE CARRIES THEM SOUTHWARD
STILL CLOSED!
BUT QUICKLY, ISHMAEL LEARNS ABOUT THE OTHER OFFICERS--- STARBUCK, THE FIRST MATE, IN WHOSE EYES ARE THE IMAGES OF THOSE THOUSANDFOLD PERILS HE HAS CALMLY FACED! STUBB, THE SECOND MATE, FOR WHOM LONG USAGE HAS CONVERTED THE JAWS OF DEATH INTO AN EASY CHAIR
FLASK IS THE THIRD MATE, VERY PUGNACIOUS CONCERNING WHALES! HE ACTS AS IF THEY HAVE INSULTED HIM PERSONALLY AND IT IS A POINT OF HONOR TO DESTROY WHALES ONE AND ALL
BESIDES QUEEQUEG, THERE ARE TWO OTHER HARPOONERS--- TASHTEGO, AN INDIAN HUNTING WHALES INSTEAD OF BUFFALO! AND DAGGOO, FROM AFRICA, WITH THE LOOK OF A LION!--- BUT AS FOR AHAB, THERE IS NO SIGN OF HIM

BUT AT NIGHT, AS THE CREW LIES IN ITS BUNKS, ABOVE THEIR HEADS A REGULAR, RHYTHMIC TAPPING IS HEARD TOPSIDE, CIRCLING AGAIN AND AGAIN THE DECK ABOVE THEM
IT'S HIM AGAIN--- AHAB!
AYE! COME OUT IN THE MOONLIGHT! ONLY AT NIGHT HE COMES OUT! ALL ALONE --- ETERNALLY WALKING THE DESERTED DECK!
AND TWO DAYS LATER, AS ISHMAEL WORKS HIS HOLY-STONE OVER THE DECK, A CHILLING SHADOW FALLS BEFORE HIM
C-CAPTAIN AHAB!
MR STARBUCK, SEND ALL HANDS AFT!
MASTHEADS, COME DOWN! EVERYONE AFT!
ALL YOU MASTHEADERS, NOW HEAR ME! YOU ARE TO LOOK FOR A WHITE WHALE --- A WHALE AS WHITE AND AS BIG AS A MOUNTAIN OF SNOW!

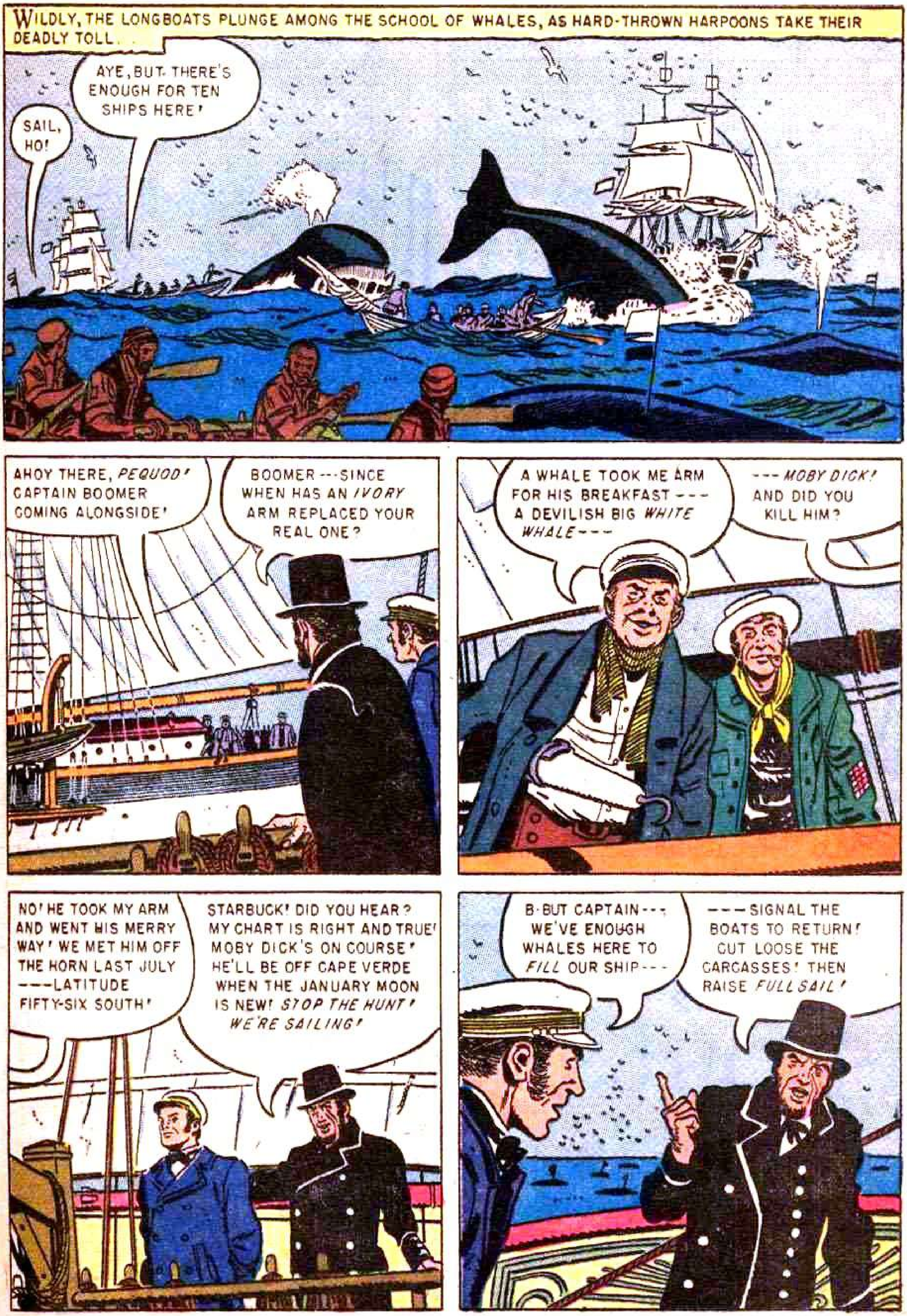
WHOEVER FINDS ME THAT CURSED WHITE WHALE SHALL HAVE THIS SPANISH GOLD OUNCE! --- HE TURNS LIKE A CORKSCREW HE'S STUCK FULL OF HARPOONS AND HIS SPOUT'S A BIG ONE! HE FANTAILS LIKE A BROKEN JIB IN A STORM! HE'S CALLED *MOBY DICK!*
WAS IT NOT MOBY DICK THAT TOOK OFF YOUR LEG?
AYE, AYE! IT WAS MOBY DICK THAT TORE MY SOUL AND BODY UNTIL THEY BLED INTO EACH OTHER! AND I'LL FOLLOW HIM THROUGH PERDITION'S FLAMES BEFORE I'LL GIVE HIM UP! THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE SHIPPED FOR, TO *SLAY THE WHITE WHALE!* ---HARPOONERS, CROSS YOUR LANCES!
DO YOU FEEL IT? THAT SAME LIGHTNING THAT STRUCK ME, I NOW STRIKE INTO THESE IRONS! DOES IT BURN, MEN, DOES IT *BURN*? ---HARPOONERS, BREAK YOUR WEAPONS!
AND AS ISHMAEL WATCHES, THE IRON HEADS OF THE HARPOONS ARE TAKEN FROM THEIR SHAFTS AND TURNED UP LIKE GOBLETS.
TURN UP THE SOCKET AND DRINK! SWEAR TO HUNT MOBY DICK TO HIS *DEATH*---OR OURS!
MOBY DICK--- DO THEY NAME CERTAIN WHALES, THEN?
AYE, SPECIAL, MURDERING BIG WHALES WITH LONG HISTORIES! WHALES WHO'VE KILLED TEN TIMES A HUNDRED MEN---LIKE *MOBY DICK!* THEY SAY THEY'VE SLAIN HIM, BUT BACK HE COMES! RAMS SHIPS! DROWNS MEN! AND HE FLOATS OFF ---LIKE A GREAT WHITE TOMBSTONE!

ARE YOU TRYING TO THROW A SCARE IN US?
I SAY WHAT I SAY! I REMEMBER AHAB SAILING HOME, TORN MOST IN HALF! WE HAD TO TIE HIM FAST TO HIS HAMMOCK! THAT WAS THE WORK OF MOBY DICK!
THERE SHE BLOWS!
AYE---BUT A BLACK ONE!
LOWER THE BOATS! HARPOONERS, STAND BY!
PULL, BOYS! YOUR BACKS INTO IT! PULL!
PEQUOD
THAT'S HIS BACK! THERE, GIVE IT TO HIM!

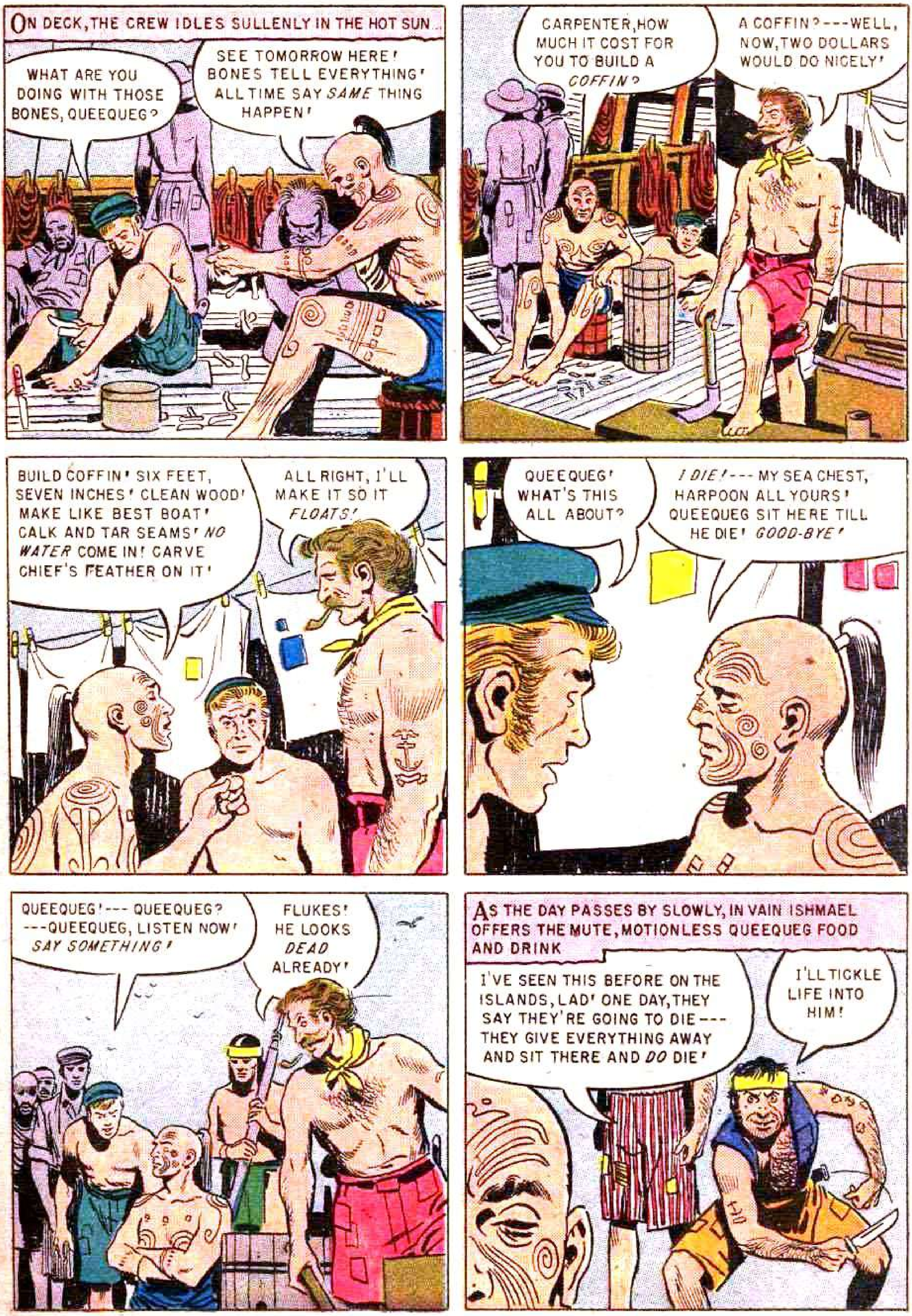

STERN ALL!
STERN!
THE LINE IS MADE WET AND PLAYED OUT STEADILY, AS STARBUCK THRUSTS HIS LANCE INTO THE RAMPAGING BEHEMOTH.
HE'S DYING! HAUL IN!
QUEEQUEG---HE'S TEARING FOR US!


HE DEAD!
QUEEQUEG, MY FINE FRIEND, DOES THIS SORT OF THING HAPPEN OFTEN?
THEN ISHMAEL HELPS TOW THE FIRST WHALE OF THE VOYAGE TO THE CHEERING SHIP
THEN THE CUTTING STAGES ARE LOWERED AND THE WORK BEGINS
FROM THE WHALE'S GIANT HEAD, FIVE HUNDRED GALLONS OF SPERMACETTI ARE LADLED AND THE REST OF THE WHALE IS SWUNG INTO THE RENDERING PIT AND BOILED DOWN TO PURE FINE OIL TO LIGHT THE LAMPS OF THE WORLD
UNTIL ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE WHALE IS ITS SKELETON, WHICH IS SET ADRIFT
BUT CAPTAIN AHAB'S THOUGHTS ARE NOT ON THE BLACK PRIZE
DO YOU SEE THIS CHART, STARBUCK? I'VE RECORDED EVERY WIND, CURRENT, SHIP AND GREAT FISH THAT MOVED IN THESE WATERS FOR ONE THOUSAND LUNAR MONTHS! LOGBOOKS FROM OLD WHALERS HELPED ME MAKE THIS CHART--- ALL TO PLOT *WHERE* WE CAN *FIND* MOBY DICK!

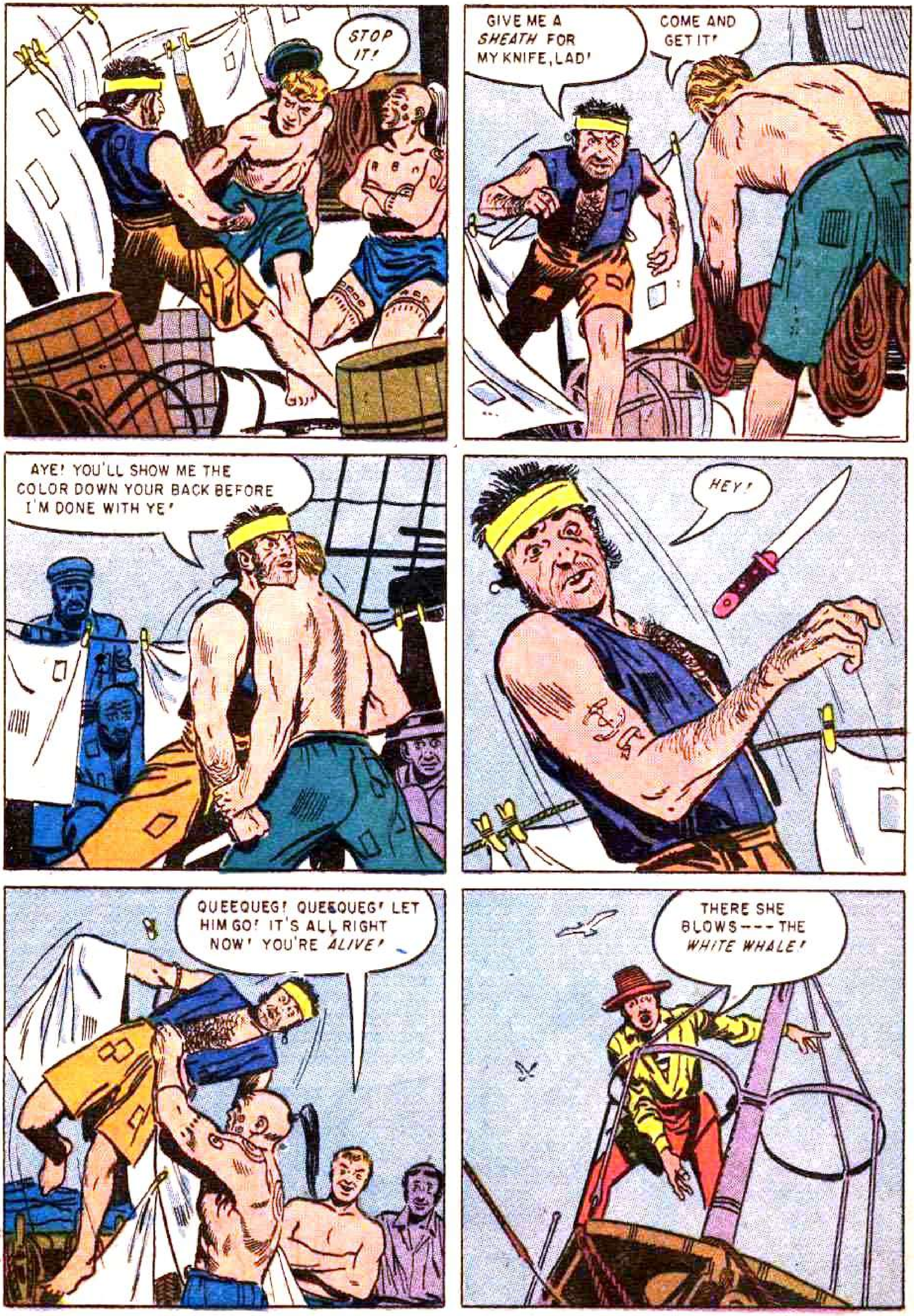
DO YOU MEAN, SIR, WHALES KEEP TO FIXED COURSES YEAR AFTER YEAR? IF THAT'S TRUE, WE COULD FOLLOW ONE OF THE HERDS, KILLING AS WE GO!
SO WE SHALL, ONCE WE'VE ATTENDED TO OUR BIGGER BUSINESS---GETTING OUR IRONS IN MOBY DICK, WHO SHOULD BE OFF CAPE VERDE IN JANUARY!
CAPTAIN AHAB, I'VE COME TO HUNT WHALES--- NOT MY COMMANDER'S *VENGEANCE!*
IT IS OUR TASK IN LIFE TO FURNISH WHALE OIL FOR THE LAMPS OF THE WORLD! MOBY DICK CHALLENGES ALL THIS! HE WOULD DRIVE US WHALERS BACK TO THE LAND! HE WOULD PLUNGE THE WORLD INTO DARKNESS AND RULE THE OCEAN!
MOBY DICK IS *EVIL!* HIS EVIL EMBODIES ALL THAT HAS PLAGUED AND FRIGHTENED MAN SINCE TIME BEGAN! FEW MEN HAVE HAD IT IN THEIR POWER TO BRING SUCH EVIL TO BAY!
I SAY CALMLY TO YOU, SIR, I AM AGAINST YOUR VENGEFUL PURPOSE! BUT YOU NEEDN'T FEAR STARBUCK---LET *AHAB BEWARE OF AHAB!*
AND A WEEK LATER, AS ISHMAEL STANDS WATCH, SUDDENLY
THERE SHE BLOWS!--- TWO, NO FOUR OF 'EM!
STARBOARD BOW! SIX--- A DOZEN--- NAY, FIFTY, *SIXTY* WHALES!
WE'LL HAVE A SHIPFUL OF WHALE OIL IN A MONTH! WE'LL NOT HAVE TO SAIL CLEAR AROUND THE WORLD OR BE GONE THREE YEARS! WE'LL BE HOME TWO YEARS EARLY!
BUT MY *WHITE* WHALE IS *NOT* AMONG THEM!


WILDLY, THE LONGBOATS PLUNGE AMONG THE SCHOOL OF WHALES, AS HARD-THROWN HARPOONS TAKE THEIR DEADLY TOLL . . .
SAIL, HO!
AYE, BUT THERE'S ENOUGH FOR TEN SHIPS HERE!
AHOY THERE, PEQUOD! CAPTAIN BOOMER COMING ALONGSIDE!
BOOMER --- SINCE WHEN HAS AN IVORY ARM REPLACED YOUR REAL ONE?
A WHALE TOOK ME ARM FOR HIS BREAKFAST --- A DEVILISH BIG WHITE WHALE ---
--- MOBY DICK! AND DID YOU KILL HIM?
NO! HE TOOK MY ARM AND WENT HIS MERRY WAY! WE MET HIM OFF THE HORN LAST JULY ---LATITUDE FIFTY-SIX SOUTH!
STARBUCK! DID YOU HEAR? MY CHART IS RIGHT AND TRUE! MOBY DICK'S ON COURSE! HE'LL BE OFF CAPE VERDE WHEN THE JANUARY MOON IS NEW! STOP THE HUNT! WE'RE SAILING!
B-BUT CAPTAIN --- WE'VE ENOUGH WHALES HERE TO FILL OUR SHIP ---
--- SIGNAL THE BOATS TO RETURN! CUT LOOSE THE CARCASSES! THEN RAISE FULL SAIL!

AND AS ISHMAEL AND THE CREW SEE THEIR HARD-WON PRIZES CUT FREE, THE MATES MEET
WE MIGHT HAVE BEEN HOME BY NEXT CHRISTMAS!
THE SHIPOWNERS WON'T BE GAY ABOUT THIS!
WE COULD MAKE OUR DEMANDS--- THERE ARE LAWS IN HERE FOR USURPING A *MAD* CAPTAIN'S COMMAND!
YOU'RE IN DANGEROUS WATERS! I'M NOT RISKING BEING HUNG AS A MUTINEER!
WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE HOME FOR THREE YEARS ANY WAY!
AND SO THE *PEQUOD* PLIES HER WAY SOUTH, ARRIVING OFF CAPE VERDE IN EARLY JANUARY, WHERE AHAB LOOKS TO FIND THE WHITE WHALE! BUT SUDDENLY
MAN OVERBOARD!
IN VAIN, ISHMAEL AND THE CREW PUT OUT IN THE LONGBOAT
NOT A SIGN OF HIM!
SEA JUST SWALLOWED HIM UP! *STRANGE*---
AND IN THIS LONELY STRETCH OF OCEAN, ISHMAEL SEES THE WIND DIE AND THE SAILS HANG MOTIONLESS..
NOTHING MOVES, NOTHING! SINCE THE LOOKOUT FELL INTO THE SEA--- NOTHING MOVES!
AND PACING THE BRIDGE, AHAB CHECKS OFF THE PASSING, UNREWARDING DAYS
JANUARY NINTH--- MY CHART SHOWS THE NEW MOON AND MOBY DICK RISING *TOGETHER*! BUT THE MOON'S LOSTS ITS HORNS AND THERE'S NOT A SIGN OF HIM YET!



ON DECK, THE CREW IDLES SULLENLY IN THE HOT SUN...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE BONES, QUEEQUEG?
SEE TOMORROW HERE! BONES TELL EVERYTHING! ALL TIME SAY SAME THING HAPPEN!
CARPENTER, HOW MUCH IT COST FOR YOU TO BUILD A COFFIN?
A COFFIN?---WELL, NOW, TWO DOLLARS WOULD DO NICELY!
BUILD COFFIN! SIX FEET, SEVEN INCHES! CLEAN WOOD! MAKE LIKE BEST BOAT! CALK AND TAR SEAMS! NO WATER COME IN! CARVE CHIEF'S FEATHER ON IT!
ALL RIGHT, I'LL MAKE IT SO IT FLOATS!
QUEEQUEG! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
I DIE!--- MY SEA CHEST, HARPOON ALL YOURS! QUEEQUEG SIT HERE TILL HE DIE! GOOD-BYE!
QUEEQUEG!--- QUEEQUEG? ---QUEEQUEG, LISTEN NOW! SAY SOMETHING!
FLUKES! HE LOOKS DEAD ALREADY!
AS THE DAY PASSES BY SLOWLY, IN VAIN ISHMAEL OFFERS THE MUTE, MOTIONLESS QUEEQUEG FOOD AND DRINK
I'VE SEEN THIS BEFORE ON THE ISLANDS, LAD! ONE DAY, THEY SAY THEY'RE GOING TO DIE--- THEY GIVE EVERYTHING AWAY AND SIT THERE AND DO DIE!
I'LL TICKLE LIFE INTO HIM!



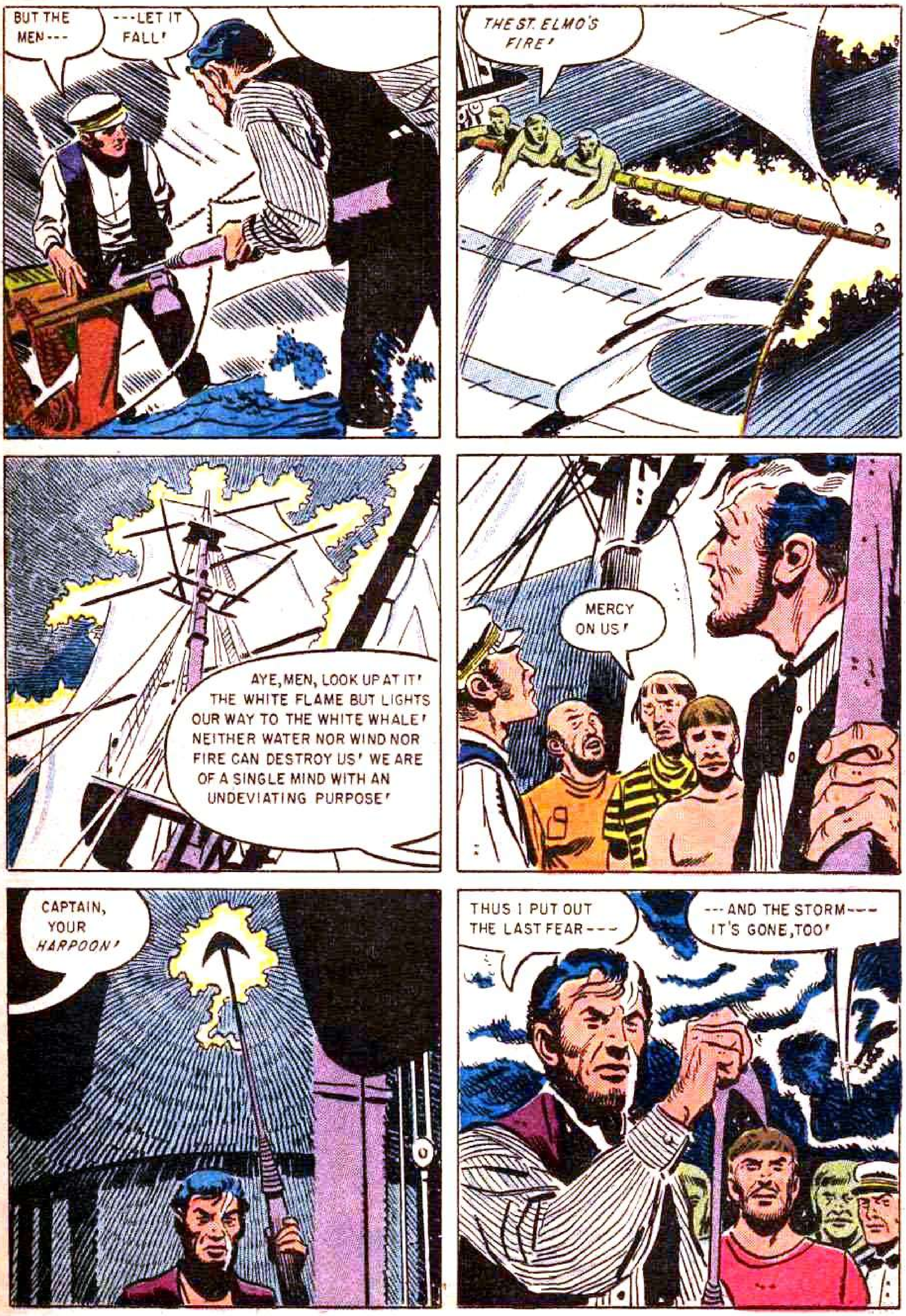
STOP IT!
GIVE ME A SHEATH FOR MY KNIFE, LAD!
COME AND GET IT!
AYE! YOU'LL SHOW ME THE COLOR DOWN YOUR BACK BEFORE I'M DONE WITH YE!
HEY!
QUEEQUEG! QUEEQUEG! LET HIM GO! IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW! YOU'RE ALIVE!
THERE SHE BLOWS--- THE WHITE WHALE!

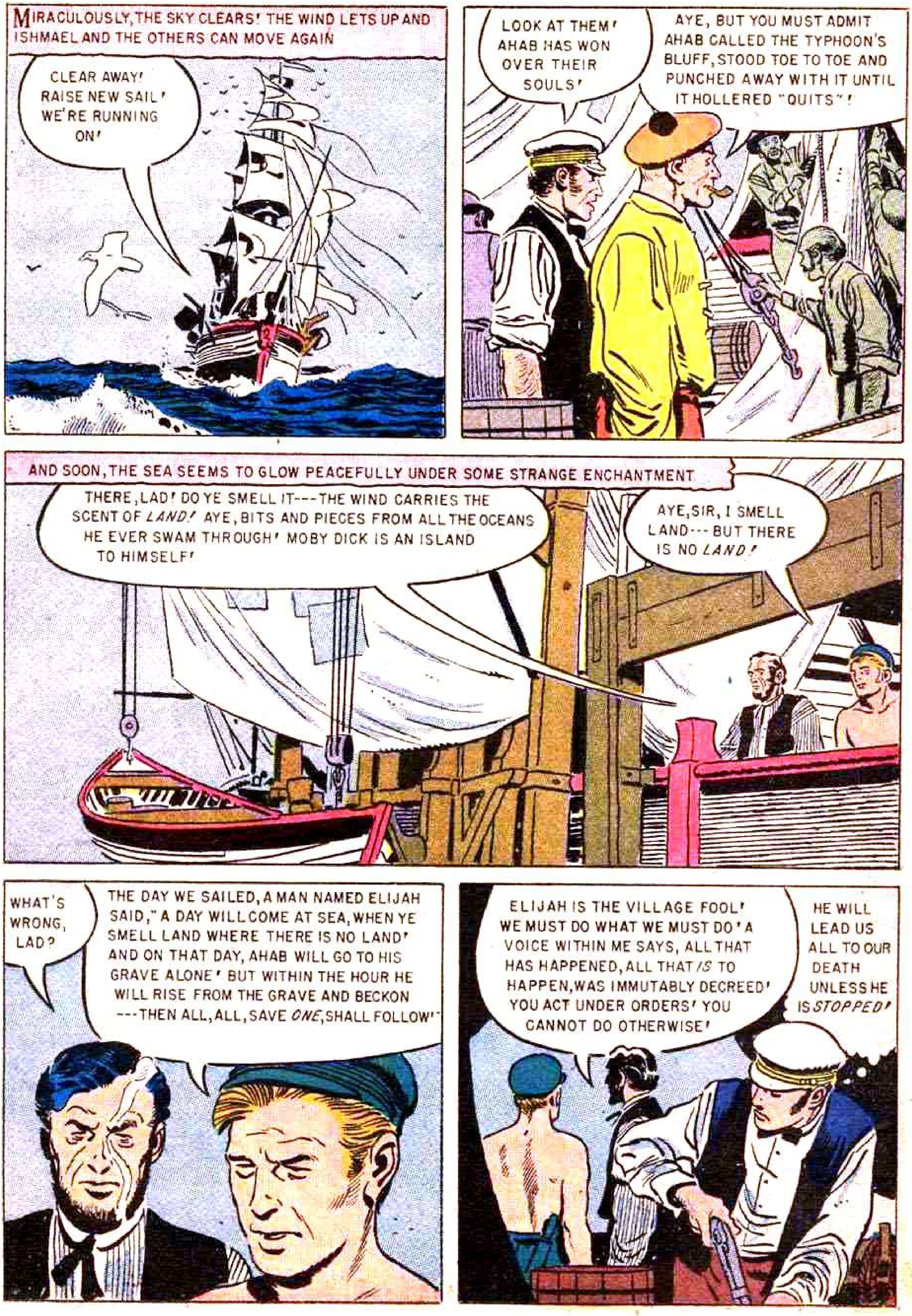
IT'S HIM! LOWER AWAY!
UNTIL DAWN, THE LONGBOATS PURSUE THE ELUSIVE WHALE IN VAIN.
HE'S MOVING OFF! WE'LL LOSE HIM! BACK TO THE SHIP! WE'LL TIE ON AND ROW FOR A WIND!
AND SO ISHMAEL AND THE CREW SEARCH FOR LOST WIND! FOR THREE DAYS AND NIGHTS THEY STRAIN AT THE OARS...
NOT A BREEZE, SIR!
WAIT NOW!---AYE! MY CHEEK FEELS IT! PULL TO THE STARBOARD! A WIND'S RISING! PULL HER INTO IT!
THERE! THE SAILS ARE FILLING! ---BACK TO THE SHIP AND WE SHALL YET BRING MOBY DICK TO BAY!
AS THE SAILS FILL WITH THE GATHERING WIND, CAPTAIN AHAB PULLS THE COIN FROM THE MAST.
YOU HAVE RAISED THE WHITE WHALE FIRST --- THE GOLD DOUBLOON IS YOURS! BUT ON THE DAY MOBY DICK IS STRUCK AND KILLED, I'LL MAKE OVER MY SHARE OF THE PROFITS OF THIS VOYAGE TO EACH MEMBER OF THE CREW!
HOORAY FOR CAPTAIN AHAB! AFTER MOBY DICK!

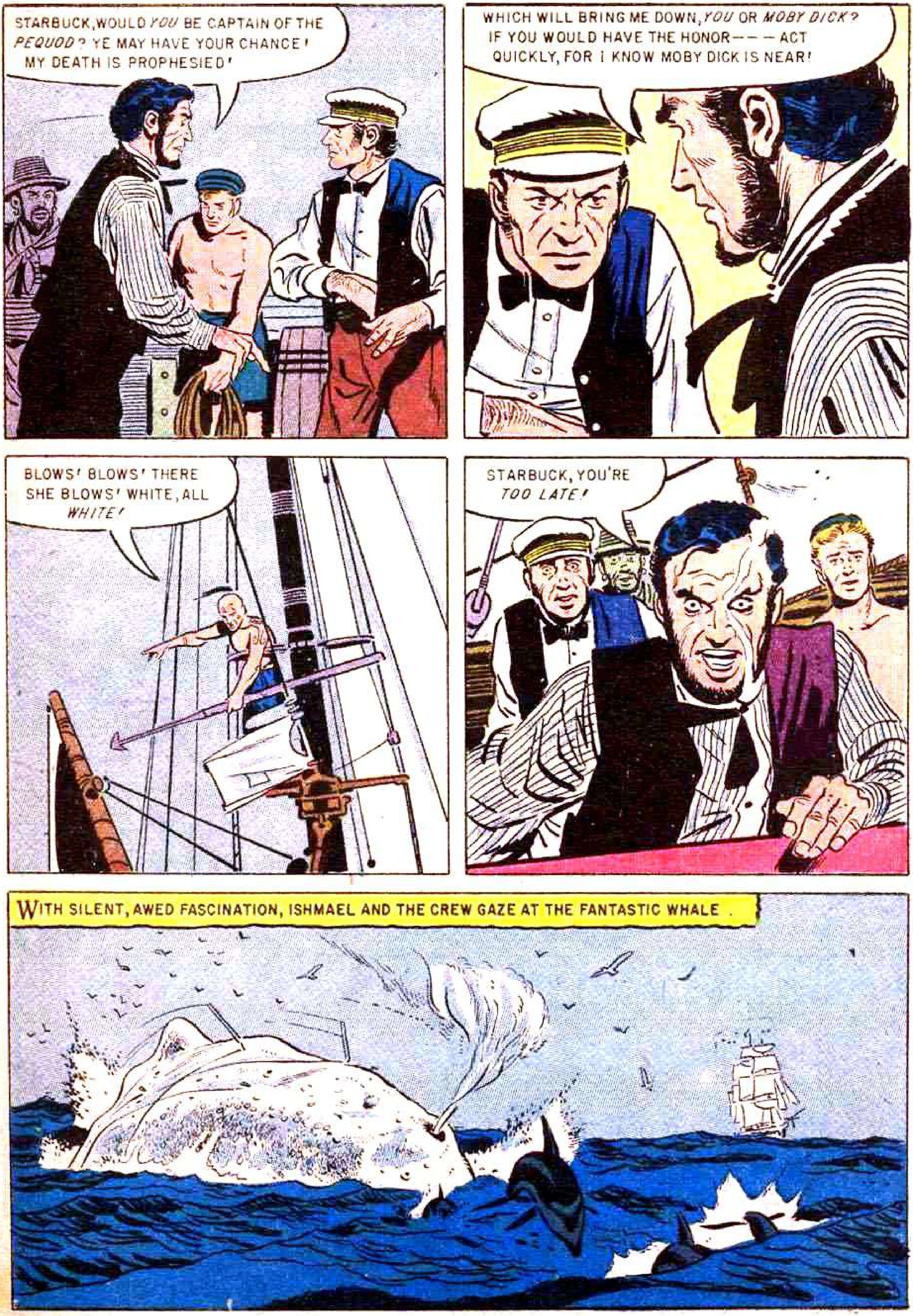
SOON AFTER...
SAIL, HO!
THE RACHEL OUT OF NEW BEDFORD! CAPTAIN GARDINER'S SHIP!
CAPTAIN AHAB, HAVE YOU SEEN A WHALEBOAT ADRIFT?
NO, SIR!--- BUT HAVE YOU SEEN THE WHITE WHALE?
PEQUOD
AYE! WE HARPOONED HIM YESTERDAY! BUT WE DIDN'T KILL HIM! HE PULLED ONE OF OUR SMALL BOATS AWAY! MY SON---A LAD OF BUT TWELVE YEARS, WAS IN IT! ALL NIGHT WE'VE SEARCHED! YOU MUST HELP US!
NO--- CAPTAIN GARDINER!
CAPTAIN AHAB, LET ME CHARTER YOUR SHIP FOR EIGHT-AND-FORTY HOURS! I'LL PAY YOU WELL! YOU MUST HELP ME FIND THEM!
WE ARE LOSING TIME! FULL SAIL!
HOW DARE WE RETURN TO NEW BEDFORD AFTER THIS---
---IT WAS HARD TO TURN AWAY FROM THE RACHEL! BUT WITH A MURDERER LOOSE ON THE WORLD OUR ONE DUTY IS TO FIND AND DESTROY HIM!
TO MY OWN MADNESS, NOW ADD YOUR OWN! YOU BE THE COGS THAT FIT MY WHEEL! THE GUNPOWDER THAT TAKES MY TORCH! PLEDGE YOURSELVES---DEATH TO MOBY DICK!
DEATH! DEATH!

THAT NIGHT, ISHMAEL CLUTCHES DESPERATELY FOR THE GUIDE ROPE, AS A WILD STORM LASHES THE PEQUOD...
SIR, MAY I GIVE THE ORDER TO SHORTEN SAIL?
NO! SHE WEATHERS WELL ENOUGH!
SQUARE THE MAINYARD!
SIR, WE'LL LOSE EVERY INCH OF SAIL!
MR. STARBUCK, WE'VE LOST THREE DAYS ON MOBY DICK! THANKS TO THIS WIND, WE'RE MAKING UP PRECIOUS TIME!
THE SAILS ARE RIPPING!
ALL HANDS ALOFT! NEW CANVAS MUST BE RIGGED! FASTEN THE CHAIN TIES! ALOFT!
CAPTAIN, THEY CANNOT GO ALOFT IN THIS WIND! MAY I CALL THEM DOWN?
THE SAILS MUST BE MENDED, MR. STARBUCK! WE ARE LOSING HEADWAY!

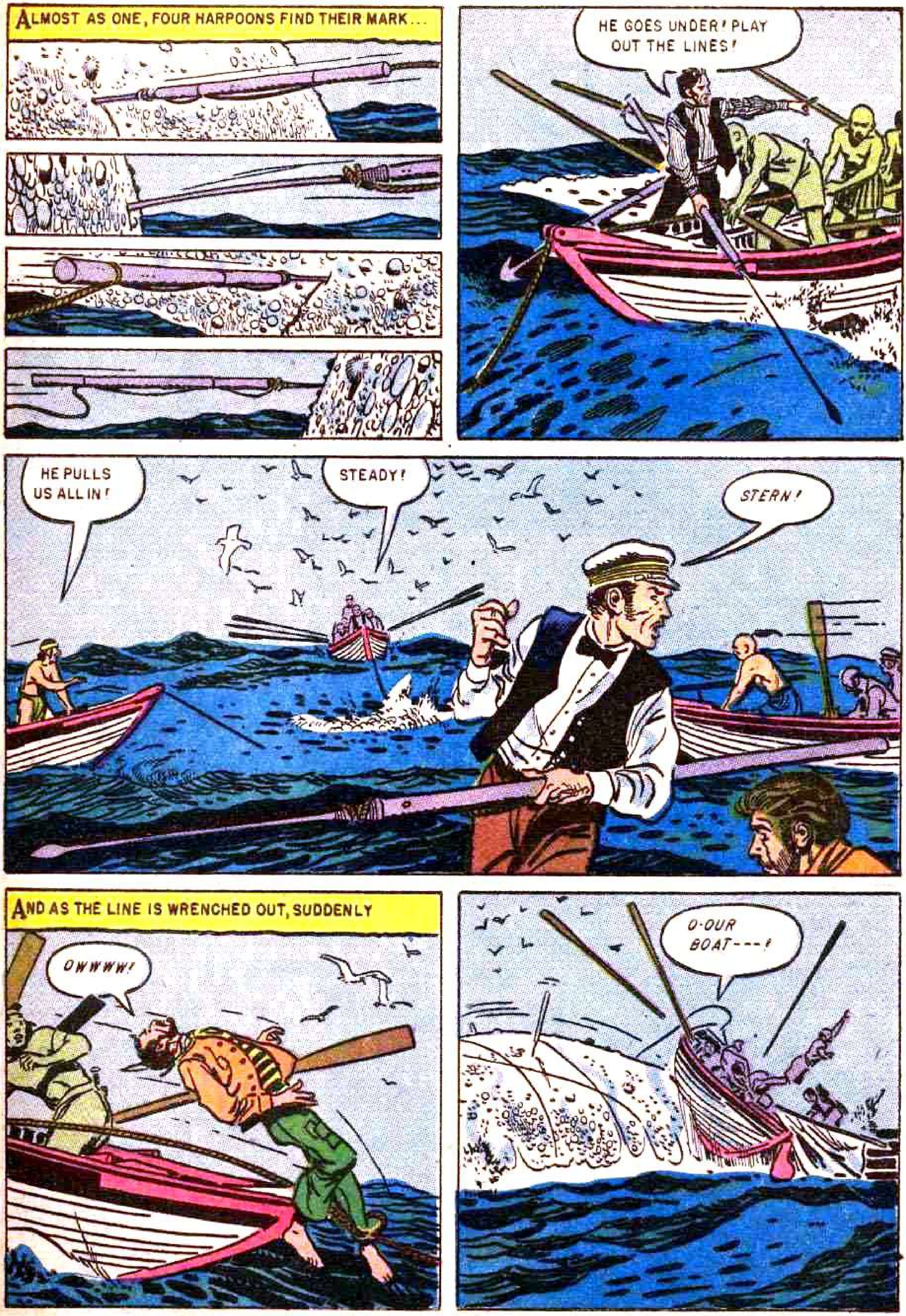
CAPTAIN, WE'VE TOO MUCH SAIL UP NOW! WE'LL *CAPSIZE!*
SIR! THE MEN ARE PINNED TO THE SAILS! WE *MUST* CUT THE LANYARDS!
MR STARBUCK, IF THE SHIP CAN RIDE OUT THE STORM, SO CAN THE MEN! REMEMBER, WE GAIN THUS ON MOBY DICK!
MR STARBUCK!
LET FALL! *DROP IT!---*


BUT THE MEN---
---LET IT FALL!
THE ST. ELMO'S FIRE!
AYE, MEN, LOOK UP AT IT! THE WHITE FLAME BUT LIGHTS OUR WAY TO THE WHITE WHALE! NEITHER WATER NOR WIND NOR FIRE CAN DESTROY US! WE ARE OF A SINGLE MIND WITH AN UNDEVIATING PURPOSE!
MERCY ON US!
CAPTAIN, YOUR *HARPOON*!
THUS I PUT OUT THE LAST FEAR---
---AND THE STORM--- IT'S GONE, TOO!

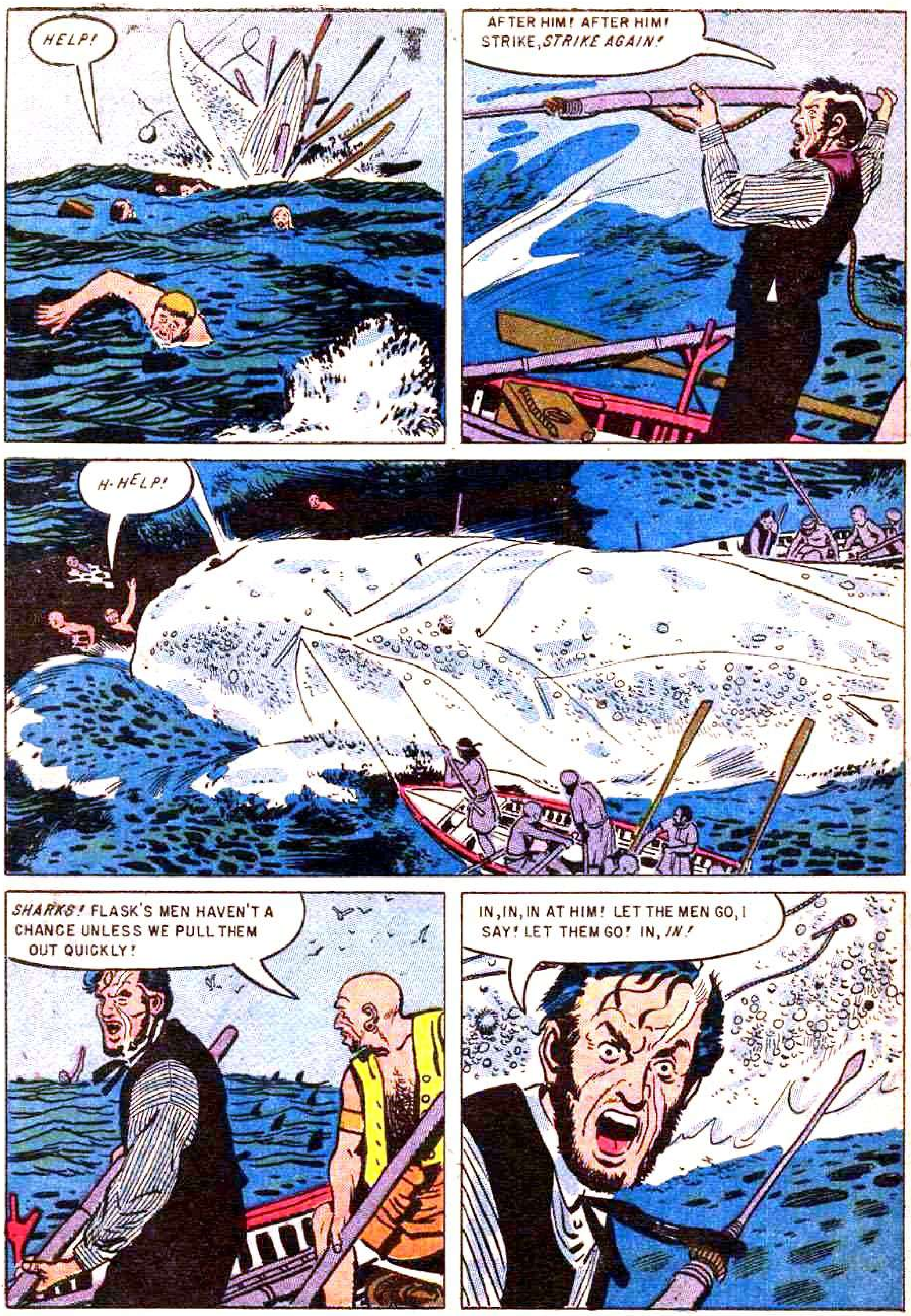

MIRACULOUSLY, THE SKY CLEARS! THE WIND LETS UP AND ISHMAEL AND THE OTHERS CAN MOVE AGAIN
CLEAR AWAY! RAISE NEW SAIL! WE'RE RUNNING ON!
LOOK AT THEM! AHAB HAS WON OVER THEIR SOULS!
AYE, BUT YOU MUST ADMIT AHAB CALLED THE TYPHOON'S BLUFF, STOOD TOE TO TOE AND PUNCHED AWAY WITH IT UNTIL IT HOLLERED "QUITS"!
AND SOON, THE SEA SEEMS TO GLOW PEACEFULLY UNDER SOME STRANGE ENCHANTMENT
THERE, LAD! DO YE SMELL IT---THE WIND CARRIES THE SCENT OF LAND! AYE, BITS AND PIECES FROM ALL THE OCEANS HE EVER SWAM THROUGH! MOBY DICK IS AN ISLAND TO HIMSELF!
AYE, SIR, I SMELL LAND--- BUT THERE IS NO LAND!
WHAT'S WRONG, LAD?
THE DAY WE SAILED, A MAN NAMED ELIJAH SAID," A DAY WILL COME AT SEA, WHEN YE SMELL LAND WHERE THERE IS NO LAND! AND ON THAT DAY, AHAB WILL GO TO HIS GRAVE ALONE! BUT WITHIN THE HOUR HE WILL RISE FROM THE GRAVE AND BECKON ---THEN ALL, ALL, SAVE ONE, SHALL FOLLOW!"
ELIJAH IS THE VILLAGE FOOL! WE MUST DO WHAT WE MUST DO! A VOICE WITHIN ME SAYS, ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED, ALL THAT IS TO HAPPEN, WAS IMMUTABLY DECREED! YOU ACT UNDER ORDERS! YOU CANNOT DO OTHERWISE!
HE WILL LEAD US ALL TO OUR DEATH UNLESS HE IS STOPPED!

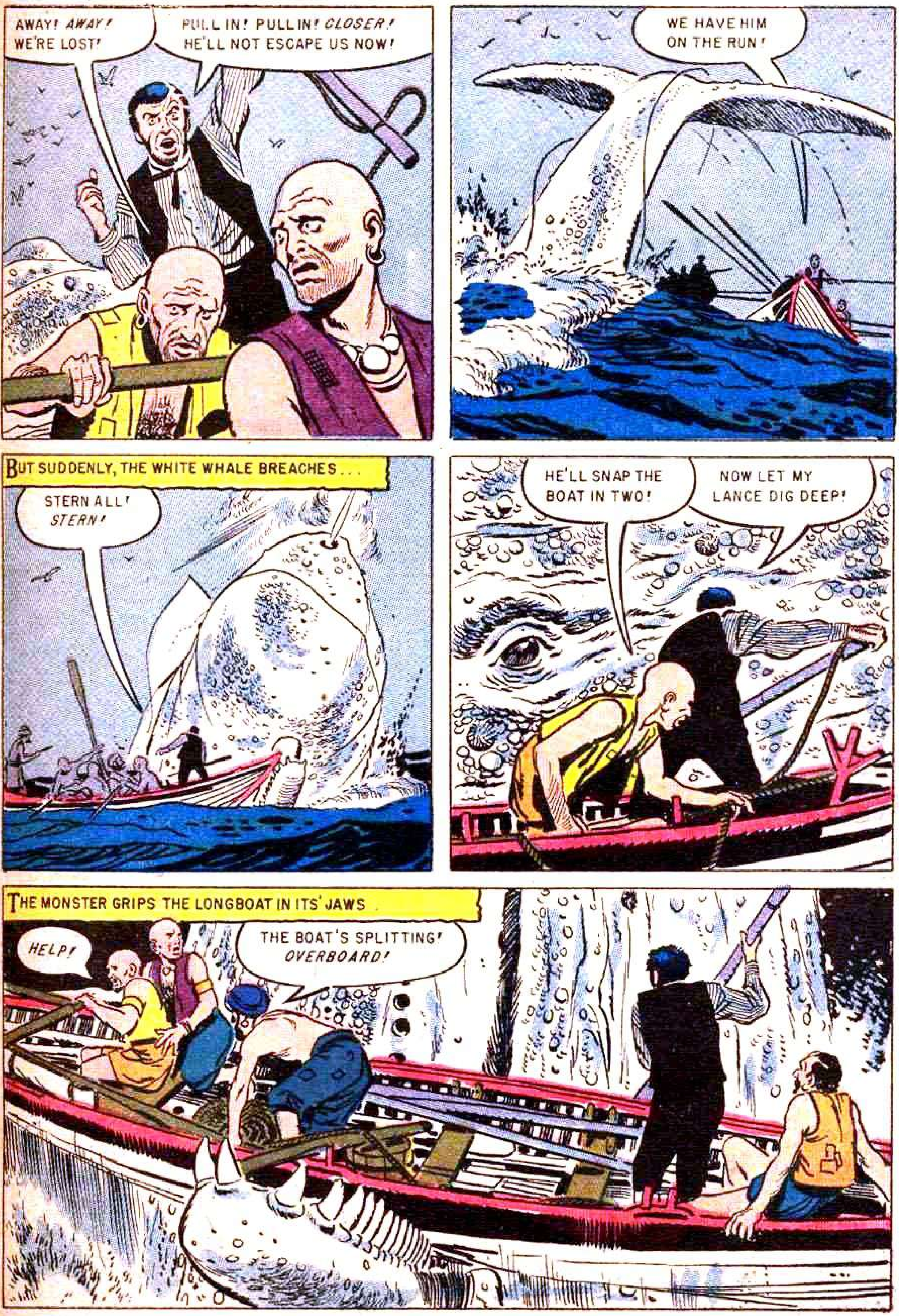

STARBUCK, WOULD YOU BE CAPTAIN OF THE PEQUOD? YE MAY HAVE YOUR CHANCE! MY DEATH IS PROPHESIED!
WHICH WILL BRING ME DOWN, YOU OR MOBY DICK? IF YOU WOULD HAVE THE HONOR--- ACT QUICKLY, FOR I KNOW MOBY DICK IS NEAR!
BLOWS! BLOWS! THERE SHE BLOWS! WHITE, ALL WHITE!
STARBUCK, YOU'RE TOO LATE!
WITH SILENT, AWED FASCINATION, ISHMAEL AND THE CREW GAZE AT THE FANTASTIC WHALE.

SWIFTLY, ALL FOUR BOATS ARE LOWERED..
HE GOES DOWN! --- BREACH YOUR LAST TO THE SUN, MOBY DICK! THY HOUR AND THY HARPOON ARE AT HAND!
SHIP YOUR OARS! THE BIRDS WILL TELL US WHEN HE RISES! --- DID YOU SEE HIM, MEN? OH, THERE IS MAJESTY FOR YOU! DID YOU SEE THE LANCES IN HIS BACK? MY LANCES, MINE! STRUCK IN HIM YEARS AGO!
TENSELY, ISHMAEL HOLDS HIS OAR, WATCHING THE BIRDS...
THE BIRDS CRY --- MOBY DICK IS RISING!
HE BREACHES! IN AND AFTER HIM!
STRIKE! STRIKE NOW! STRIKE!



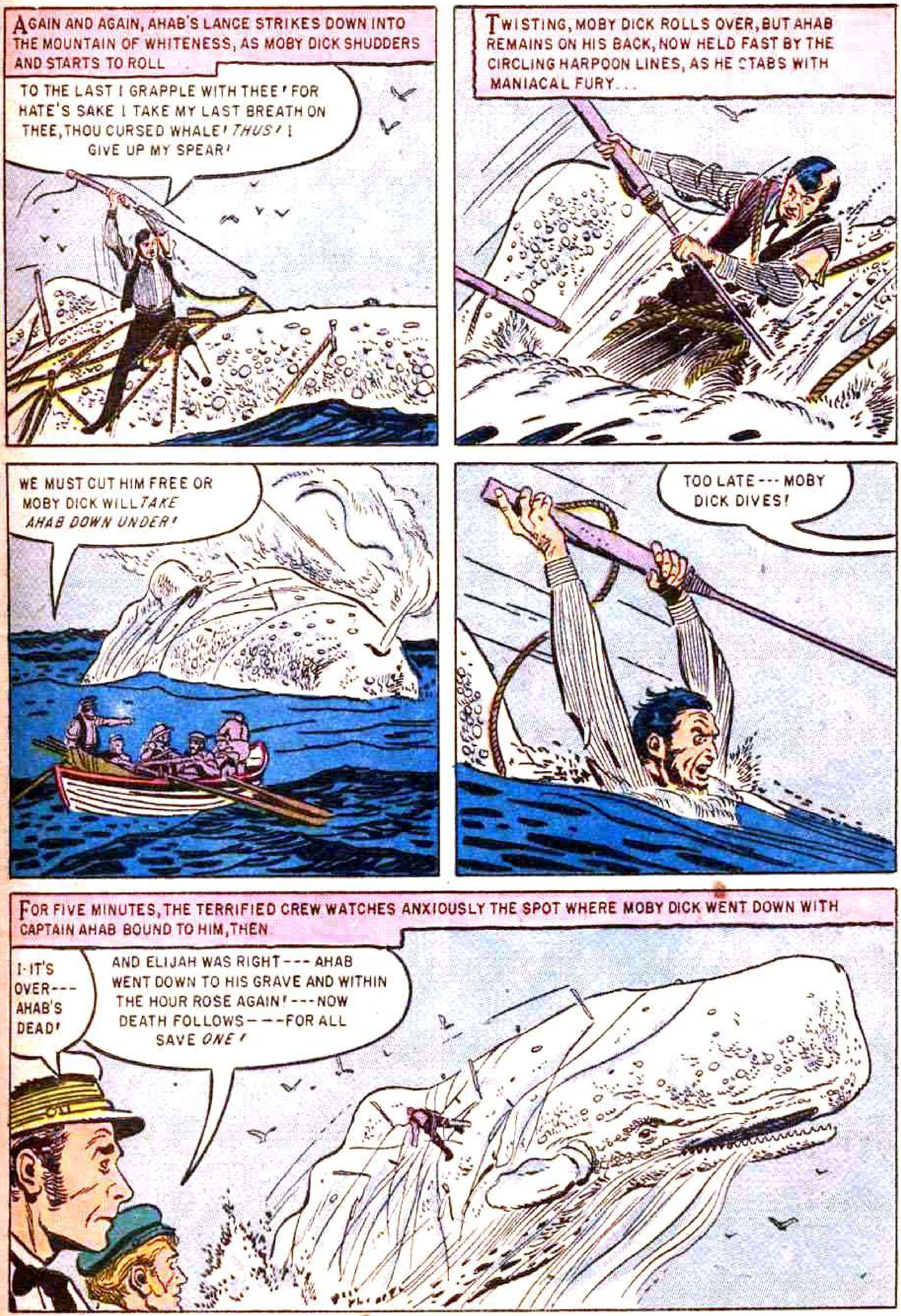
ALMOST AS ONE, FOUR HARPOONS FIND THEIR MARK...
HE GOES UNDER! PLAY OUT THE LINES!
HE PULLS US ALL IN!
STEADY!
STERN!
AND AS THE LINE IS WRENCHED OUT, SUDDENLY
OWWWW!
O-OUR BOAT---!

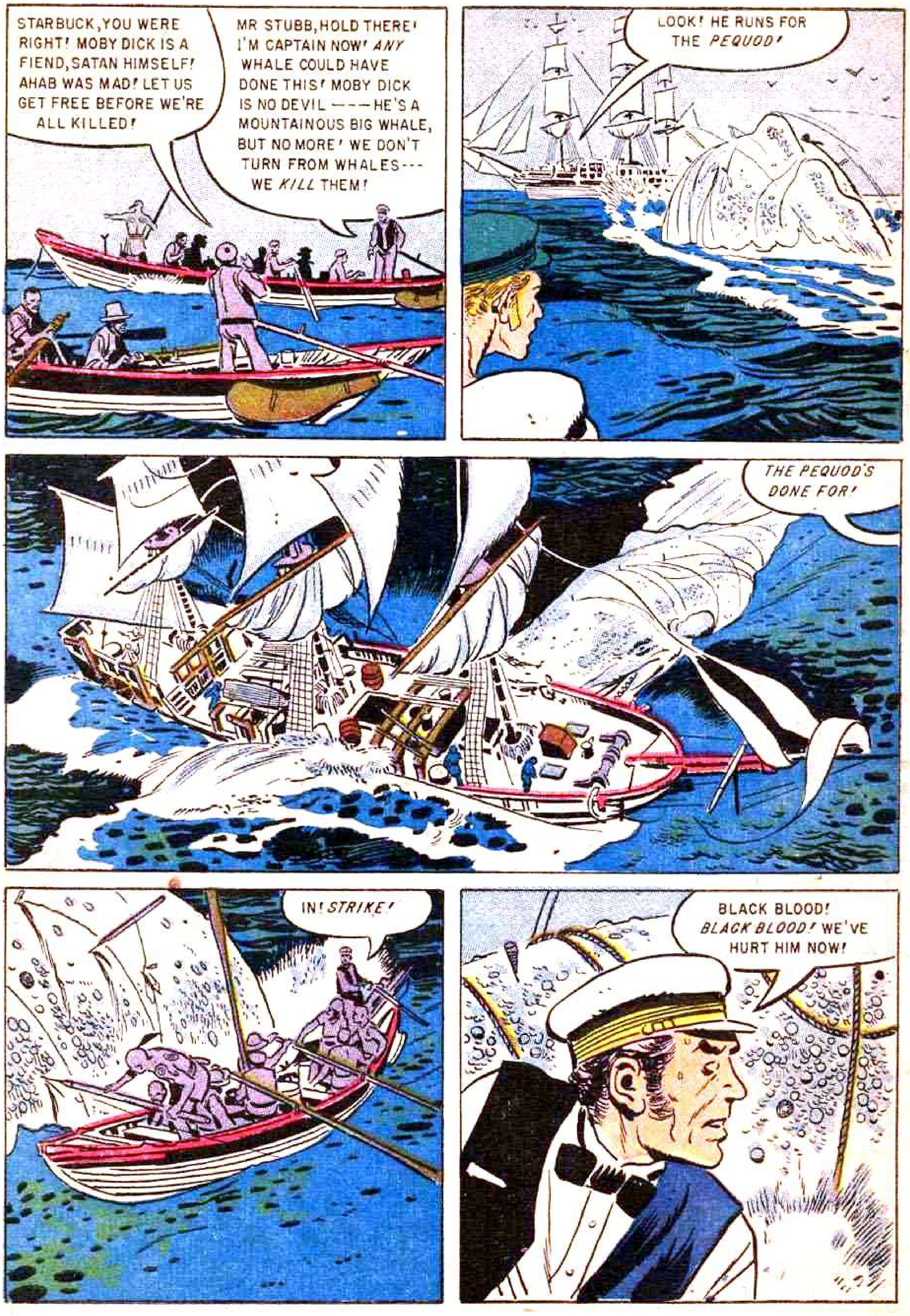

HELP!
AFTER HIM! AFTER HIM! STRIKE, STRIKE AGAIN!
H-HELP!
SHARKS! FLASK'S MEN HAVEN'T A CHANCE UNLESS WE PULL THEM OUT QUICKLY!
IN, IN, IN AT HIM! LET THE MEN GO, I SAY! LET THEM GO! IN, IN!

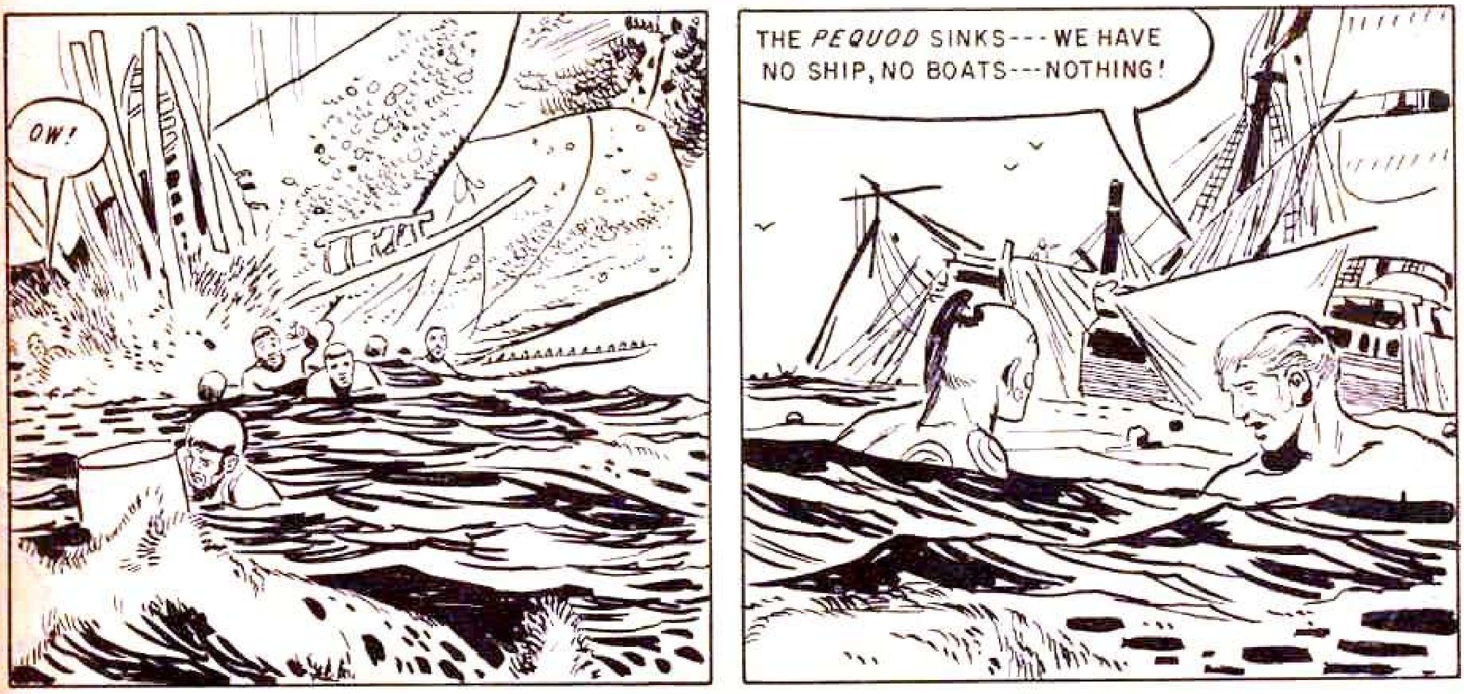


AWAY! AWAY! WE'RE LOST!
PULL IN! PULL IN! CLOSER! HE'LL NOT ESCAPE US NOW!
WE HAVE HIM ON THE RUN!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE WHITE WHALE BREACHES . . .
STERN ALL! STERN!
HE'LL SNAP THE BOAT IN TWO!
NOW LET MY LANCE DIG DEEP!
THE MONSTER GRIPS THE LONGBOAT IN ITS' JAWS
HELP!
THE BOAT'S SPLITTING! OVERBOARD!

THE HARPOONS!
YOU HAVE WOUNDED ME---
BUT ARMED ME ONCE AGAIN!
AHAB'S MOUNTING HIM! PULL! PULL! IN NOW, BLAST IT! WE MUST GET HIM OFF!


AGAIN AND AGAIN, AHAB'S LANCE STRIKES DOWN INTO THE MOUNTAIN OF WHITENESS, AS MOBY DICK SHUDDERS AND STARTS TO ROLL
TO THE LAST I GRAPPLE WITH THEE! FOR HATE'S SAKE I TAKE MY LAST BREATH ON THEE, THOU CURSED WHALE! THUS! I GIVE UP MY SPEAR!
TWISTING, MOBY DICK ROLLS OVER, BUT AHAB REMAINS ON HIS BACK, NOW HELD FAST BY THE CIRCLING HARPOON LINES, AS HE STABS WITH MANIACAL FURY...
WE MUST CUT HIM FREE OR MOBY DICK WILL TAKE AHAB DOWN UNDER!
TOO LATE--- MOBY DICK DIVES!
FOR FIVE MINUTES, THE TERRIFIED CREW WATCHES ANXIOUSLY THE SPOT WHERE MOBY DICK WENT DOWN WITH CAPTAIN AHAB BOUND TO HIM, THEN
I-IT'S OVER--- AHAB'S DEAD!
AND ELIJAH WAS RIGHT--- AHAB WENT DOWN TO HIS GRAVE AND WITHIN THE HOUR ROSE AGAIN!---NOW DEATH FOLLOWS---FOR ALL SAVE ONE!


STARBUCK, YOU WERE RIGHT! MOBY DICK IS A FIEND, SATAN HIMSELF! AHAB WAS MAD! LET US GET FREE BEFORE WE'RE ALL KILLED!
MR STUBB, HOLD THERE! I'M CAPTAIN NOW! ANY WHALE COULD HAVE DONE THIS! MOBY DICK IS NO DEVIL --- HE'S A MOUNTAINOUS BIG WHALE, BUT NO MORE! WE DON'T TURN FROM WHALES--- WE KILL THEM!
LOOK! HE RUNS FOR THE PEQUOD!
THE PEQUOD'S DONE FOR!
IN! STRIKE!
BLACK BLOOD! BLACK BLOOD! WE'VE HURT HIM NOW!



A PLEDGE **DELL COMIC** TO PARENTS

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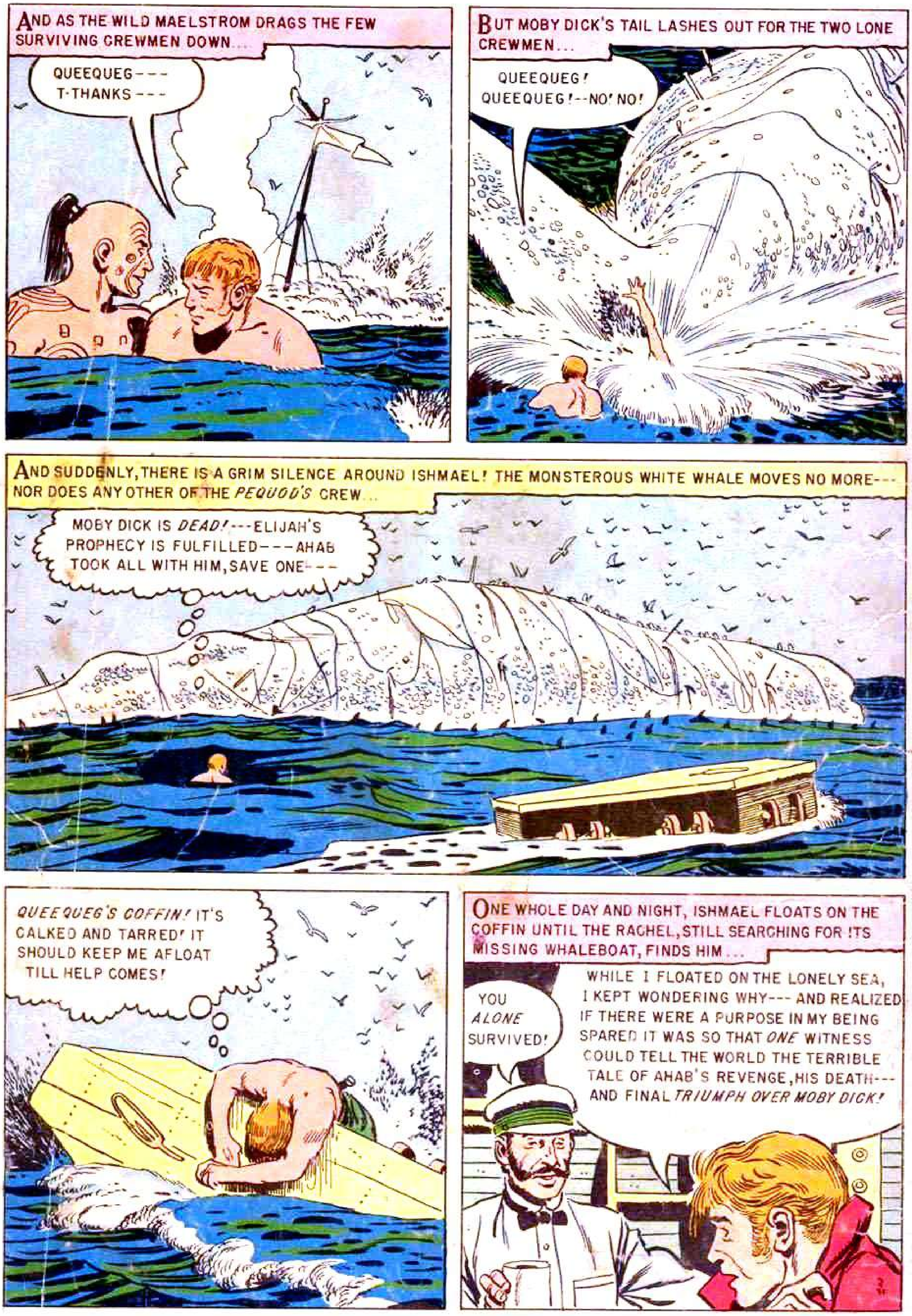
AND AS THE WILD MAELSTROM DRAGS THE FEW SURVIVING CREWMEN DOWN...
QUEEQUEG--- T-THANKS---
BUT MOBY DICK'S TAIL LASHES OUT FOR THE TWO LONE CREWMEN...
QUEEQUEG! QUEEQUEG!--NO! NO!
AND SUDDENLY, THERE IS A GRIM SILENCE AROUND ISHMAEL! THE MONSTEROUS WHITE WHALE MOVES NO MORE--- NOR DOES ANY OTHER OF THE PEQUOD'S CREW...
MOBY DICK IS DEAD!---ELIJAH'S PROPHECY IS FULFILLED---AHAB TOOK ALL WITH HIM, SAVE ONE---
QUEEQUEG'S COFFIN! IT'S CALKED AND TARRED! IT SHOULD KEEP ME AFLOAT TILL HELP COMES!
ONE WHOLE DAY AND NIGHT, ISHMAEL FLOATS ON THE COFFIN UNTIL THE RACHEL, STILL SEARCHING FOR ITS MISSING WHALEBOAT, FINDS HIM...
YOU ALONE SURVIVED!
WHILE I FLOATED ON THE LONELY SEA, I KEPT WONDERING WHY--- AND REALIZED IF THERE WERE A PURPOSE IN MY BEING SPARED IT WAS SO THAT ONE WITNESS COULD TELL THE WORLD THE TERRIBLE TALE OF AHAB'S REVENGE, HIS DEATH--- AND FINAL TRIUMPH OVER MOBY DICK!